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LETTERS

Nixon and positivism

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: The "law and order" theme of the forthcoming Nixon administration makes me apprehensive. That was the theme of Augustus Comte, the 19th-century Positivist: "Order and Progress." Exported from its French birthplace, it came to the New World to foster a complete sellout of the common man, notably in Mexico and Brazil. . . .

In the name of "progress" Mexico sold her natural resources (mining, smelting, ranching) to United States interests, her port facilities to the British, and lesser concessions (like telephone systems) to other United States and European corporations. And, thus, it sold the common man of Mexico into abject poverty, ignorance and absolute submissiveness. It took a protracted and bloody revolution to establish governments that would restore her natural resources and dignity to her people.

Law and order, indeed! Will the Nixon administration pare the budget allocations to the munitions makers, to the corporate farms, to the industrialists in general? I'll give odds. The programs in behalf of us peasants will be pared to the core. Would that I could in conscience take a short Rip Van Winkle nap. I am afraid of politics that stress "law and order."

George I. Sanchez
Professor of Latin American Education
University of Texas

power in the cradle

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I am much encouraged, reading the two successive essays—by C. P. Snow and Ronald V. Sampson—, dealing with the problem of power in your issues of December 9 and 16. . . . I would like to suggest, however, that the study of power and its control is divided into two areas, one governmental, the other psychological. . . . The role of psychology is potentially more important. And here I wish to modify Mr. Sampson's optimistic conclusion about the simplicity of prescription. ("To diagnose a disease . . . is not difficult. To prescribe the remedy is also not difficult.") I have read Mr. Sampson's *The Psychology of Power*, as well as other works dealing wholly or in part with the same problem. Do we really know enough, as yet, about those factors of child rearing which make for the desire for power? Do we not need a program among psychologists, psychoanalysts and *anthropologists* (there have been studies of primitive peoples who show no evident desire for power—can we not learn from them?) in order to get at the perhaps multifold roots of our problem? . . .

E. Louise Mally

American way

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Ronald Sampson's "Bramble of Power" [*The Nation*, Dec. 16] is one of the finest and most forthright articles I have ever read. . . . It is even more telling when read and digested in the context of three recent paperbacks: Justice Fortas' glib repudiation of any "civil disobedience" which is not subservient to the power structure: Howard Zinn's attempted rebuttal (*Disobedience and Democracy*), which is uneven but inspiringly provocative; and Erich Fromm's *The Revolution of Hope*. The last goes deeply into the many grave problems of the individual vs. the technological society. . . .

Sampson's ideas should be required reading for every person who knows, however vaguely, that the American Way of Life is really the American road to symbolic and actual death.

Elizabeth Sawyer

EDITORIALS

Disingenuous Denial

The crew of the *Pueblo* has been released under extremely odd circumstances. The United States has signed a confession dictated by North Korea and has simultaneously, with the acquiescence of the North Koreans, released a statement denying the confession.

Dean Rusk avers that nothing in his nineteen years of public service equips him to explain the willingness of our opponents in this affair to accept a document that has been repudiated in advance. He seems to imply that the Oriental mind is devious and unfathomable by simple Western logic; State Department officials have also suggested that North Korea may find the confession useful propaganda in Communist countries, where the denial could be suppressed in the controlled news media.

But the reasoning of the North Koreans may not be all that labyrinthine, and they may well expect the paper signed by Major General Woodward to carry weight in circles much wider than the Communist orbit. The fact is that American explanations of what the *Pueblo* was up to, and where she was cruising when the North Koreans took her in tow, have been contradictory and disingenuous. It is perfectly obvious that she was spying—that, indeed, was her only function—and it is at least probable that she was, or had been, trespassing. The North Koreans may think that the confession will carry more weight than the denial; they may well be right. In which case, they have quite generously allowed the United States to save its face.

Only history will determine which of the documents is the more credible—and Dean Rusk would have done well to make that obvious observation and then shut up. His air of half-amused incredulity does nothing to improve what has been from the first an embarrassing situation.

However, Secretary Rusk and the rest of the Johnson Administration do deserve credit for having poured no oil on the potentially very dangerous *Pueblo* fire. The captured crew is now safe home, and no other men were at any time committed to the incident. Of course, the *Pueblo* remains in North Korea, and with a signed confession in their hands the authorities there are not likely to give her up. But spies have always been expendable, and a spy ship can certainly be forsaken without much loss of sleep. We were engaged in mischief with the *Pueblo* and by patience and luck we came out of the affair with nothing much worse than a knuckle-rapping. If laughter can be heard from Pyongyang, Mr. Rusk may dismiss it as evidence of the inscrutable Oriental sense of humor.

Lesson of the Year

"Due process" is an old term which is being cited today in a new context. Traditionally it has been used as a catch-all term to characterize certain minimal procedural restrictions—the right to a fair hearing, etc.—which must accompany the legitimate exercise of state power. It is now taken to mean, in almost any issue of any paper, that a group or class or region has a right to an effective voice in

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decisions that will influence its future. Just as the people once said "no taxation without representation," so today they are saying "no decision making without participation." Quite simply, the people want to do for themselves, not to be done for by others.

Illustrations abound. In Texas, a grass-roots revolt, headed by a group of laymen and seminarians, has been launched against the authoritarian role of Archbishop Robert E. Lucey. The Archbishop has long been a prominent advocate of liberal social reforms; he was speaking up for migratory farm workers long before their plight became a popular and well-publicized cause. The basis of the revolt against the leadership of this great and good man is quite simple: it is not so much Archbishop Lucey's authority that is being challenged as his style of leadership. His constituency, priests and laity alike, want a voice in the decisions he has been making. "There was a time," one rebellious priest is quoted (*The New York Times*, December 15), "when autocratic men could function very well as bishops and when the immigrant church in this country almost needed strong hands. But now the laity is increasingly sophisticated and mature, and a lot of people have their own ideas about what the church needs."

Underlying nearly every "student protest" since the big Berkeley "bust" of December, 1964, has been the deep conviction that decisions were being made in administrative seclusion about matters on which students should be consulted. Four interim reports on the situation at Columbia University all stress "the need to restructure the decision-making processes at the university."

Labor leaders purport to be baffled by what is termed "the rejection syndrome"—the growing tendency of the rank and file to reject contracts that have been negotiated by the officers. This tendency, reports Damon Stetson in *The New York Times* (December 7), reflects "a spirit of rebellion against the Establishment that seems to have become epidemic." The rank and file obviously want a more direct say in decisions affecting their welfare. A state mediator, quoted in the *Times* story, puts his finger on a key aspect of the new syndrome: It is not only that the public is generally better educated, more sophisticated, more mature; it is also better informed, and news reaches it far more quickly than it once did. In discussing the insistent and growing demand for a voice in government decision making, Richard R. Wolfe (*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, December, 1968) comes up with an apt and telling quotation from the *Times* of London: "[Modern] society . . . centralizes decision making but spreads the desire to make decisions. How can democracy in this predicament satisfy both the need for greater efficiency and the need for wide participation?" It is not so much that organizational leadership is deliberately "authoritarian" as that it does not know how to function democratically in the new social environment.

On December 11, C.B.S. News told the story of how Long Island Railroad commuters had more or less spontaneously rebelled against the unions and the management by simply refusing to pay for their tickets. There can be no doubt that the thousands of commuters who ride this line have more to complain about than any comparable group in the nation; they have been plagued in the coldest

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and hottest weather alike by every imaginable inconvenience. Now, at last, they assert as a group "the right to be heard."

Business Week (December 14) reports that the Transportation Department has finally decided to hold public hearings on whether there should be public hearings in the future on all federal-aid highway projects—that is, whether the public should have *some say* about the road-planning process. Up to now, the state highway departments had the last—and in most cases, the only—word on how, where and when a new road is to be built.

Recently, a three-member federal court panel ruled that welfare clients have a right to an impartial hearing before a third party before their cases can be closed. At first blush this seems like "due process" in the older usage, but behind the decision one can sense the pressure of organized group power.

In most cases the substance of the protest is a demand for democratic decision making. "We're headed for a more democratic church, one that belongs to the people," proclaims one of the leaders of the Texas uprising against Archbishop Lucey's leadership. Said one of the rebellious Long Island commuters: "I just think the people who ride this railroad should have more of an opportunity of letting the world know its basic problems." In almost every instance the specific cause of the particular protest can be traced to the unwillingness or inability of an organization to respond to the demand for wider responsibility. Leadership, thus, is confronted with a revolution not against its premises but against its methods.

"The lesson of the past year," J. K. Galbraith said recently, "is that organization can be opposed. . . . Future Presidents recalling that one was forced from office, future Secretaries of State recalling that one was reduced to getting in and out of hotels like a burglar, future military men watching the revolt against ROTC sweeping the campuses, future industrial firms reflecting on the fate of both their recruiters and recruitment will have a more thoughtful view of the limits of organization."

This lesson is certain to be painfully apt for a long time, because the process by which organizations adjust to the new imperative for wider participation will not occur easily or overnight. What we need, of course, is a new concept of due process that could be applied to the wide range of institutions whose traditional methods of taking decisions are being challenged on such a broad front. In the past, court actions and specific legislative provisions applied the test of "due process," but in a mass society due process has taken on meanings for which appropriate procedures have yet to be devised.

Plain Talk at the UN

If a prize were to be awarded for international diplomatic candor (which is not a bad idea), the first truly worthy recipient since the late Cordell Hull would be Emilio Arenales of Guatemala, last year's President of the UN General Assembly.

Recently recovered from prolonged but obviously successful brain surgery, Señor Arenales closed the twenty-third session of the Assembly with words seldom matched in bluntness since the founding of the organization. Speaking of the "unrealistic and emotional approach" of the delegates, he said: ". . . we who come to the United Nations year after year fall victim to these illusions. . . ." He then proceeded to chastise his fellow delegates for substituting speeches and resolutions for "good faith and greater political will to solve problems directly," and concluded his onslaught with these words: "While member states . . . are not ready to shoulder this obligation and responsibility and to transform thought into action, the United Nations will remain a mythical entity in which only those of us who work here believe."

This kind of talk recalls Lord Tennyson's "The nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels." Whatever his source of inspiration, Señor Arenales refreshingly called the shots on the UN's performance. The Parliament of Man seems lately to have engaged itself almost exclusively in gamesmanship, scoring minuscule points and spinning endless webs of words whose effect has been to inhibit, almost to prohibit, effective action on the problems at hand. President Arenales' words of justified exasperation exploded like dynamite upon an ice jam of frozen oratory. It remains to be seen whether their effect will survive the current recess, but to Señor Arenales, a hearty "Viva!" for a good try.

Cause and Effect

The eighty-day cooling-off period under provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act having expired, the longshoremen on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts have gone on strike, and the usual lamentations have issued from the industry: The strike will cost $1 million a day in losses in the port of New York alone, and at least $5 million a day in ports along the Atlantic Coast. "Economic disaster" threatens the nation, according to the counsel and chief negotiator for the 140 companies in the Shipping Association. All this is public relations, as is the injunctive process which postponed the present strike, invoked no less than seven times in International Longshoremen's Association disputes since Taft-Hartley became law.

Even if it turns out to be brief, this strike is a prime example of how technological advance can make already poor labor-management relations worse, and threaten to upset even those which, as between the Pacific Maritime Association and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, have been conducted on a generally sane and mutually advantageous basis.

The overriding issue in the maritime controversy is "containerization." The traditional way of handling cargo has been to load miscellaneous items into a sling, lower it into place, unload it, and dispose the contents in the space available. In this way an eighteen-man crew could handle about 18 tons of cargo an hour, and another crew could repeat the process at the port of destination at about the same pace. But suppose the shipment consisted, as it often does, of goods manufactured at a single plant and destined for a single buyer overseas. The goods could be loaded at the plant into a van or container, shipped by rail or tractor

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to the point of embarkation, and there swung by a dockside crane either into the hold or stowed on deck. By this technique the same eighteen-man crew (with probably not all of them working) can handle up to 480 tons an hour.

No wonder 12 per cent of all cargo shipped in and out of New York is already containerized, with 50 to 75 per cent forecast by the mid-1970s. No wonder container ships are being built by the score. Until the supply catches up with the demand, it's a bonanza for the shipping industry, and even over the long term the profit potential is enough to make a banker's eyes glow.

There is only one flaw in this beautiful picture: what is to become of the unneeded longshoremen? In a few years the 23,000-man work force in the port of New York may be reduced to 12,000, and in other ports in somewhat the same proportion. Are they to become astronauts, or computer programmers, or live high on the negative income tax?

Nor is this a problem only for "bad" unions like the ILA, with its waterfront gangsterism, coupled with such intense ideological virtue that the men will walk off the job if a shipment of Polish hams is found in the cargo. The ILWU, of which Harry Bridges is still president (remember when the shipping interests and the Red hunters tried to deport him?), is a first-rate union. Containerized shipping is an accepted labor-management fact on the West Coast. The union gave the employers almost unlimited freedom to institute whatever technological change seemed good to them—provided the employers shared the benefits with the union.

The ILWU has no quarrel with manufacturer-loaded containers, but another problem has arisen. Matson, for instance, is a major tenant of a new $36-million marine terminal, and there are other container freight stations along the West Coast. Matson claims that the ILWU-PMA agreement does not cover freight-station work, where mixed loads are stuffed into containers and brought to dockside. Matson is at present using members of the Teamsters union at one of its freight stations a mile from the waterfront in San Francisco. How far does the ILWU jurisdiction extend?

Obviously containerization cannot and should not be stopped. But aside from the strike in the East it is raising problems for waterfront unions East and West, and these problems will continue to grow.

Wait and See

Lee A. DuBridge, president of California Institute of Technology since 1946, is to be President Nixon's science adviser. DuBridge has long been a member of the select circle of high administrative scientists and engineers who advise on the channeling of federal research money and who largely determine the distribution of the top jobs. In a way, he will henceforth be doing officially some of the things he was doing unofficially.

In his interview with *New York Times* reporters and editors on December 16, Dr. DuBridge gave little indication of how he plans to use whatever influence may be his to determine the future course of American science and technology. (He was more discreet than David M. Kennedy, the incoming Secretary of the Treasury.) Dr. DuBridge did declare himself in favor of a 10 per cent annual increase in basic research for the next few years—which, if he can make it stick, will help to allay the current fears of the scientific community. He pointed out that scientific research must be free, while applied research must be aimed toward something (usually military applications, he might have added). Secret military work should not be done at a university, which is a teaching institution. Cal Tech has barred secret military work on its campus for the past twenty years. But off the campus it is carried forward, as by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory; and faculty members, including Dr. DuBridge himself, work for the military. That is necessary for the safety of the country, Dr. DuBridge averred, although he evaded a question about the dangers of a military-scientific complex and conceded only that differences of opinion about the Vietnamese War had opened a breach between the Department of Defense and parts of the scientific community.

In sum, Mr. Nixon's choice was a good one, but just how good remains to be seen. Nor should it be forgotten that the scientific adviser exerts only as much influence as the President chooses to give him, and this in turn is based on the President's ability to extract funds from Congress.

Norman Thomas

Norman Thomas possessed so many admirable qualities, and there were so many sound reasons for the high regard in which he was held, that it seems almost a minor form of blasphemy to find him being praised for the wrong reasons. He was not "the father of American socialism"; Debs, Hillquit and De Leon would have a better claim to that title. Thomas' contributions to the theory and practice of American socialism were negligible—the Socialist Party was weaker at his death than when he joined it. Actually there was some truth in Leon Trotsky's biting comment that "Norman Thomas called himself a Socialist as a result of a misunderstanding."

Nor was he a "revolutionary." His social thinking derived from Walter Rauschenbusch and the social gospel, not from Karl Marx and class conflict. It was because his socialism was of the reformist variety that, long before his death, he came to be accepted as a fixture of the Establishment. As he grew older he was, indeed, the Establishment's favorite dissenter, revered and venerated.

Fortunately the peace movement, to which his contributions were of much greater importance than those he made to American socialism, took on a new relevance and urgency in the last years of his life, and he responded to its calls on his time and energies with all his remarkable eloquent fervor. Thomas was trained—and well trained too—for the ministry, and throughout his long and useful life he remained, as Alden Whitman pointed out in *The New York Times*, "a moral evangel . . . the nation's conscience for social justice and social reform." His name is not mentioned in T. B. Bottomore's *Critics of Society: Radical Thought in North America*, nor in Christopher Lasch's *The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963*, and

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for a good reason: he was a moralist, not a social critic.

He had great courage, a deep feeling of compassion for the underprivileged, a keen sense of social injustice, and an abiding commitment to civil rights and civil liberties. Throughout his life he was a moralist inveighing tirelessly against social evils and injustices, "the Isaiah of his times."

Varieties of Freedom

Reuters reports from Copenhagen that the Danish Government has started curbing the activities of its internal intelligence services "as part of a campaign to extend Denmark's 'permissive society' from sexual to political matters." The aim is to take all official pressure off the individual's political choices. Police intelligence is prohibited from listing as security suspects persons who join legal protest demonstrations or legal political organizations, including the Communist Party. Names so listed in the past are to be erased, although the police may still investigate applicants for jobs that require security clearance. Journalists and other citizens are to be given freer access to state documents. The dispatch concludes: "Denmark is a country that interprets freedom of the individual literally and is seeking to give its citizens all possible opportunity to take responsibility for their own lives."

This is not the trend in the United States. In curbing militant demonstrators, the police shout abuse for abuse, then wade in with their clubs. The South gives its unwanted Negroes a free choice between starving where they are or going North to get on ghetto relief rolls. Once more HUAC is holding what it calls hearings, while Senator McClellan freely disembowels witnesses before his own committee. The political Left has been abolished organizationally; the Center, having taken its place, is viewed with suspicion if it even glances leftward.

All this in the name of freedom, which is extended to small countries with napalm and TNT. Denmark, being so small itself, does not range abroad to liberate others, but is concerned only with freedom within its own borders. The Danes may account themselves fortunate that, for historical and geographical reasons, they are in no danger of being protected against external or internal enemies by the colossus of the West.

CLAY, CHISHOLM & STOKES

THE BLACK FRESHMEN

CHARLES RABB
Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Washington, D.C.

Robert N. C. Nix (D., Pa.) was the only Negro Representative from Philadelphia in the 90th Congress. Early last year, when he began to fear that he might have strong primary or Republican opposition for his seat, Representative Nix put on a burst of activity, throwing bills into the legislative hopper and inviting correspondents from the Philadelphia papers up to his Capitol Hill office for interviews. When the tough competition failed to materialize, Nix's interest in legislation and in seeing his name in the Philadelphia papers also subsided.

Nix, on this score, is probably no worse than the other four men in Philadelphia's Congressional delegation. He contributes virtually nothing to shaping legislation either on the House floor or in committee; but he votes as a big city liberal Democrat should, and serves his constituents as a useful link to City Hall. But Nix represents a district that is plagued by a disproportionate share of the city's problems; if its needs are ever to be acknowledged and tended, it requires more than routine representation.

The inadequacies of Nix are shared in varying degrees by three of the four other black Congressmen who sat in the 90th Congress. The lone exception was Rep. John Conyers, Jr. (D., Mich.) who, following the banishment of Adam Clayton Powell, emerged as the most articulate black spokesman in the House.

When set against this generally uninspiring record, the credentials of the three new Negro Congressmen, promising in their own right, become even more impressive. Whether they will live up to this promise remains to be seen.

All three—Shirley Chisholm of Brooklyn, William Clay of St. Louis, and Louis A. Stokes of Cleveland—have raised eloquent voices of protest. They have roots deep in their communities. Clay, 36, is a real estate broker and an official in the Steamfitters Union, an organization powerful in Missouri politics. He comes to Congress with a reputation as a civil rights activist, although he concedes he has "mellowed" in recent years.

Clay was in the van of the CORE drive in 1963 and 1964 to open up employment for Negroes in St. Louis banks. He served 240 days in the city workhouse for violating a court injunction against picketing the Jefferson Bank and Trust Co., on the fringe of the Black Belt—a term he could have avoided had he adopted a repentant manner; he and another demonstrator were the only two of fourteen arrested who served the full term. Under Clay's prodding, the Steamfitters set up a job-training program that has helped bring Negroes into the almost all-white Local 562. There were three Negroes in the local when the program began in 1964, says an aide to Clay, and now through a policy of hiring 50 per cent blacks there are thirty-three. Nevertheless, the local still remains more than 95 per cent white.

Clay maintains his militancy hasn't cooled off. "If I've changed," he explains, "it's been to become aware that

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through politics much more can be accomplished than through some other means you could resort to." He sees his job as guardian, along with other Congressional liberals, against any dismantling of the poverty program or other recently enacted welfare measures.

Clay, as well as Stokes and Mrs. Chisholm, advocates increased federal spending to restore the inner city. He favors reforms in welfare and considers a negative income tax and guaranteed income programs as promising approaches. He wants spending increased for education, greater public and private commitment in housing and an expanded program, including incentives to private industry, to train the unemployed for substantial jobs. Like the other black freshmen, Clay criticizes American involvement in Vietnam and favors U.S. concessions to get the Paris talks moving.

There's no doubt that the voters' familiarity with brother Carl Stokes, Mayor of Cleveland, gave Louis Stokes a jump on the field of twenty-one in the Democratic primary. But attorney Stokes, 43, has a distinguished record in his own right. An NAACP official and chairman for five years of its Legal Redress Committee, Stokes argued and lost the stop and frisk case before the Supreme Court. He won the NAACP's Ohio redistricting suit which led to the creation of the 65 per cent Negro Cleveland district that sent him to Congress.

Although he lives in Shaker Heights, outside his central city district, Stokes insists that he has built a strong identity in the black community through years of badgering City Hall for improved treatment of Negroes, his defense of civil rights demonstrators in the early 1960s, his public school desegregation suit, and other rights cases.

In the inevitable comparisons with his better-known brother, observers describe Louis as "more thoughtful," "less abrasive" and "highly articulate." Stokes says he intends to work toward getting Congress to establish "some sense of priorities" for dealing with the problems of the cities. For that reason, among others, he wants the war in Vietnam ended soon.

Mrs. Chisholm, 44, displayed a sharp tongue in her successful campaign to become the first woman of her race to sit in Congress. She says she will "fight for a people that have too long been denied the opportunity to have their problems and hopes dramatically focused. My greatest political asset—which professional politicians fear—is my mouth, out of which come all kinds of things one shouldn't always discuss for reasons of political expedience."

She was born in Brooklyn but speaks in a clipped accent that recalls her early years in the West Indies, where she lived with her maternal grandmother. She returned to Brooklyn to finish her schooling, graduated from Brooklyn College, and received an M.A. in education at Columbia University. Mrs. Chisholm then taught nursery school, and was private school and day care center director and educational consultant for New York City's Bureau of Child Welfare.

Though long active in Democratic politics, she did not run for office until 1964, when she became the first member of her sex and race to be elected to the New York State Assembly. She was respected in Albany, but known as something of a maverick.

When a court-ordered redistricting led to the creation of a Brooklyn district with a black majority last year, Mrs. Chisholm jumped into the race and beat the organization choice in the critical primary race. She then trounced James Farmer, founder of CORE, who ran with Liberal and Republican endorsement in an overwhelmingly Democratic district.

Redistricting helped put Mrs. Chisholm, Clay and Stokes into Congress. And as the urban centers become increasingly black, they will produce a steady increase in the number of Negro Congressmen. Representative Conyers has estimated, perhaps optimistically, that the present nine black districts could rise to as many as twenty-five by 1972. Whatever the figure, it is evident that the pressures in the black community are such that bold and effective spokesmen on the order of Mrs. Chisholm, Clay, and Stokes will be pushed forward. The constituencies will no longer be satisfied with Representatives who do no more than vote correctly.

CALIFORNIA CLINIC

MEDICAL STORM CENTER

RONALD B. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.

Visalia

In the summer of 1967 Dr. David Brooks came to Woodville, a remote hamlet tucked off in the cotton fields of California's rich San Joaquin Valley. He purchased an old bar and restaurant building, sawed and banged together some alterations, and opened a private medical clinic called *Salud* (Spanish for *good health*).

Before Dr. Brooks's arrival, there had been only one doctor to serve the 18,000 people living in a dozen crossroads communities scattered over the 750-square-mile southwestern corner of Tulare County. There were (are) no hospitals, no dentists, no drugstores and, prior to *Salud*, no clinical services. The nearest medical help was in Tulare or Porterville; but in Porterville—a city of 18,000—the tax-supported hospital refused to accept MediCal (welfare) patients, except in emergencies. Families seeking such help in this city were sent 30 miles west, to the county-supported hospital for the poor. (Through

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state and federal funding, MediCal pays doctors and hospitals for services to qualified patients.)

Because the need for a medical clinic was and is so obvious, the opening of *Salud* should have been a reason for celebration. But that simple reaction was quickly complicated by the half-dozen causes and controversies which the doctor insists upon fighting simultaneously. While his patients literally *demonstrated* their belief in his medical skill and community-service approach to medicine, his demeanor generated a storm of controversy within the conservative county medical society, and among local growers, agri-businessmen and the right wing.

Dr. Brooks and his wife—the former Wendy Goepel—are trying to establish a private medical clinic that involves local people in clinic operation and administration. The doctor is also fighting to get medical privileges in the county's general hospital (the better to help the poor), while forcefully calling for drastic changes in the administrative and medical policies of that same hospital. Further to complicate matters, Dr. Brooks was himself fired from the staff of this hospital.

The doctor is a graduate of the University of Illinois medical school (1962); he interned at the University of Texas, spent two years in the United States Air Force and took a two-year residency at the Fresno County (California) General Hospital. The hospital was only 70 miles north of the Delano grape strikes and Cesar Chavez's efforts to organize farm labor, so Dr. Brooks visited Delano and volunteered his off-duty medical services. At the time Wendy Goepel, a Stanford graduate and former volunteer in the Chavez movement, was trying to find ways to establish rural medical clinics. Earlier that summer (1967) she had been working for the Office of Economic Opportunity, assigned to Lowndes County, Alabama, to help establish rural medical clinics.

While Dr. Brooks wanted to work with Chavez's union, he realized he would not be able in that situation to experiment with the development of a community approach to medicine. He and his future wife discussed the idea of a private clinic with various local and state health people. The doctor gave up his voluntary work with the union, completed his work at Fresno County hospital, and joined the staff of the Tulare County hospital, at a salary of $1,500 a month. Woodville was selected as the clinic site, and he and Miss Goepel began putting their nickels together to create *Salud*.

At this point, their physical appearance became an important factor. Both are near 30 and have the studied, casual-indifferent look of the white, middle-class college student turned toward the New Left. She had been in and out of OEO jobs in California and Washington and was already controversial; the John Birch Society and other right-wing groups had attacked her for her work in the Delano grape strikes and in the attempt to establish health clinics in Lowndes County, Alabama.

Dr. Brooks wears his hair, neatly combed, at collar length; he has a full mustache and heavy eyebrows. His voice is deep and pleasant, he dresses in jeans, turtle necks and sweaters, and is apt to carry a stethoscope in his hip pocket. (However, he has recently started wearing a tie,

to see if that will soften some of the medical society's conservative reaction to his appearance.) Dr. Brooks is also argumentative, in a soft, persuasive way, and feels a strong obligation to speak out when he sees anything he considers wrong.

After two months' service in the Tulare County hospital, Dr. Brooks was fired, the medical director listing three specific medical treatment charges. He appealed, first to the county hospital's executive committee (it is headed by the doctor who fired him), then to the county's governing Board of Supervisors. The appeals were rejected, even though individual supervisors conceded that the problem probably arose from personality conflict. (At least one doctor, who knows the cases and the people, agrees that personalities clashed.)

Had Brooks, the physician, concerned himself only with establishing medical privileges in the county hospital—he wasn't asking to return to his old job; only to gain admittance and treatment for those *Salud* patients who must use the county hospital—he might have won. But Brooks, the argumentative crusader, insisted upon repeated attacks on hospital policies and practices. The validity of his criticisms is a separate argument, but by seeking admittance in one breath and attacking the hospital in the next, he lost any official sympathy he might have earned.

Dr. Brooks is a member in good standing of the Tulare County Medical Society, and he has privileges in two taxpayer-supported district hospitals within the county. While the basically conservative medical society will make no official comment, other than to say it insists upon high medical standards as minimums for its membership, two of its members, Dr. John Castiglione and Dr. John Wil-

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liams, consider Dr. Brooks a good physician who knows his own limits and makes good use of specialists.

Dr. Castiglione says: "David is abrasive, both in his dress and the way he has been telling them how to run their [Tulare County] hospital." Dr. Williams, while he disagrees with Dr. Brooks's methods of establishing *Salud* and fighting the county hospital, says: "Brooks is a bit like Don Quixote, and because of this, he is offensive to the conservative medical community. He is a competent guy, medically; his motives are socially honest, but maladroit."

Two other physicians, both outsiders, who have an interest in the community approach to medicine and who have come to *Salud*, briefly, to observe, are Dr. Bruce Jessup, former poverty health coordinator for the state bureau of child health, and Dr. David H. Solomon, chief of medicine, Harbor General (Los Angeles County) Hospital and professor of medicine at the University of California (Los Angeles) medical school.

Dr. Jessup, now one of two pediatricians in the OEO-funded East Palo Alto Neighborhood Health Center, commented: "It is a big mistake to think that all of those in need are covered by some form of government aid. I'm impressed with what Dr. Brooks is trying, because the most difficult people to reach are the migrant and the rural poor; they are the least oriented to medicine."

Dr. Solomon sees clinics like *Salud* as potential training centers for young doctors seeking experience in the disappearing practice of rural, general medicine. He added, "I was awed by the load he has undertaken, and I personally think he's doing an excellent job; he quite obviously is bringing medical care to people who essentially have none."

Dr. Solomon also observed: "Dr. Brooks is totally involved in family welfare. It is usual for a doctor to give medical advice, to sympathize, to encourage, but he insists on doing more. Whether it is possible to be a doctor *and* a social worker at the same time, I don't know. He doesn't seem to be able to put physical limits on himself."

Salud is unique because it is a shoestring, "go-it-alone" project. California has five neighborhood health clinics that are funded by OEO. Several have other, outside help. For example, the Watts multi-purpose health center is co-sponsored by the University of Southern California medical school. *Salud* operates as a private business, paying its bills out of revenues collected for medical services. From 30 to 60 per cent of its patients are on MediCal (welfare) or Medicare (old-age assistance), depending upon the time of year and availability of work. The remainder of the case load pay out of their own pockets, according to their ability.

The clinic itself looks from the outside like the old bar. The building is sagging, the waiting room is filled with old, cast-off couches and rugs and hand-me-down bric-a-brac. By design, and economic necessity, it is a bit shabby and comfortable, an enlargement of the front-room environment found in most of Woodville's 200 homes. On a side wall, behind the plank reception desk, are 1,500 active "family" files, each containing a half-dozen or more names and medical case histories.

Dr. Brooks isn't a distant figure in a white gown, but someone the kids can run up to and hug, as he moves from one examining room to another. Commenting on this casual environment, Dr. Solomon said: "I'm delighted to see him experiment, it is a bit of a new idea, and seems to be working. He sacrifices the impressive side of the doctor-patient relationship—and it is needed at times—but his patients feel at home with him, as their numbers prove."

The clinic is a success, in numbers of patients, because it was designed to meet the needs of the community. Woodville has a population of 1,200; it is the bedroom for farm workers who rove a wide area to work. It is also home for retired farm workers who live on state old-age pensions. Some, who worked in cotton gins or stores or business, have social security. The average *family* income for farm workers is $2,000 to $5,000, and for those at the low end, the work is highly seasonal. Nutrition in the community is poor, housing is usually substandard, though most of the residents work hard to patch and repair and add on. Plumbing may include hot water, but outside pit toilets and water heated on the stove are more generally the case.

The workers—mom and dad and the kids—can't get to the doctor until late afternoon, or evening. So the clinic opens at 11 A.M., and the doctor arrives some time after lunch. He schedules thirty-five to fifty patients, during the afternoon and evening and spends his mornings at one of the two district hospitals. The clinic has no absolute closing time, and Brooks may work past 10 P.M. Official Saturday hours are 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. and Sunday is sup-

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posed to be a day of rest, but Dr. Brooks has no doctor to relieve him. (He is looking for another full-time staff physician, but isn't optimistic. The job requires a young man willing to submerge himself into the clinic—as run by Dr. Brooks—and into Woodville's problems.)

Part of *Salud*'s intent is to provide personalized, individual treatment that has doctor-patient continuity. In rural areas, like this, from 40 to 70 per cent of the medically indigent are not qualified for MediCal or Medicare and therefore must go to the county's general hospital in Tulare. It operates a huge outpatient clinic; the waiting room is of auditorium size and, in the winter, is filled with patients who wait hours to see one of the staff doctors. The great numbers treated make impossible a doctor-patient relationship that many feel is vital to good medicine and health education.

The quality of medicine reaching the rural poor who cluster in fly-speck communities like Woodville can be measured by the infant mortality rates. In Tulare County the rate is 26.5 deaths per 1,000 births, thirty-fifth highest out of fifty-eight counties. The highest rates are in those counties even more isolated, more rural than Tulare; the lowest rate is in the urban-industrialized area south of San Francisco, on the peninsula.

Dr. Ed Jackson, head of the California Public Health Department's division of maternal health and child care, has said: "It is difficult to tell how much MediCal has done. Maybe half the mothers are covered. The rest drop through the cracks and are not eligible. But I'm guessing, because no one really knows."

Dr. Jackson added: "Most doctors practice good medicine, and most mothers have good care in our society, so most doctors say 'phooey' when the national infant mortality rate (24.7 per 1,000) is compared, say, to Sweden's (14 per 1,000). These doctors do not see the urban and rural ghetto medical problems. For various reasons—transportation, economics, language, cultural barriers—many of these women receive no medical attention until they appear at the county hospital door, in labor and ready to deliver."

Dr. Brooks is proud of the fact that only one of the babies he has delivered was a case unfamiliar to him. All the other mothers have had prenatal care. He says: "I hope some day we can establish an obstetrics unit right here; there is no reason why uncomplicated deliveries cannot be made here, instead of in a hospital 15 or 20 miles away."

Salud has a staff of fourteen, half of them working part time. Mrs. Brooks, by training a medical social worker, acts as administrator and personnel supervisor; a Woodville woman has been trained and licensed as an X-ray technician, another works in a rudimentary lab; there is a registered public health nurse who is training nurses' aides, a receptionist and bookkeeper. Each position is also a teaching job. For example, a receptionist on the front desk is apt to be a high school girl who comes in after school, on a part-time basis, to learn clinical office procedures. She is also learning that she does not have to work in the field for low wages, marry, raise a large family, and live in a shack in society's back yard.

While Dr. Brooks owns the clinic, he and his wife live on a $200-a-month income, in a three-room cabin behind a service station. The doctor has given the staff a democratic, decision-making process, through weekly staff meetings. Each worker receives $200 a month full time, or $100 a month part time. Recognizing that a young doctor or nurse may have school loans or other debts to pay, the clinic staff has approved outside professional income of up to $1,000 a month, to meet these obligations. However, the standard of living is pegged at $200 a month.

Mrs. Brooks explained: "We all work equal hours, hard, long hours, and there's no reason why one should make more than another." This altruism tends to hide the economic necessity of the low pay. Starting a clinic is expensive, even when the equipment is second hand. The clinic goal, as set forth by Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, is group practice, with ten doctors working out of five clinics scattered through this rural area.

To do this will be tough, they admit. It requires a kind of total commitment that most are unwilling to give. The doctor and his wife feel they must be a part of the low-income Woodville scene, yet they are angered by press reports billing them as crusaders among the poor. (Their practice does include some mid-income patients, but most are low-income families.) It is as though by becoming "poor" themselves, they wipe out the word and everyone is equal. This, plus their expressed belief that treating medical ills includes correcting problems like poor nutrition, poor housing and low wages, sparks controversy within the community.

In Woodville, and the surrounding farming areas, there are some old-fashioned farm families, some professional cotton gin and irrigation engineering and operating personnel. Among this group there are a few who are convinced that *Salud* is a nest of pot smoking, Communist hippies. One farmer's wife sent me a copy of Robert Welch's *American Opinion,* containing an article entitled "The Grapes," and devoted to attacking Cesar Chavez, Wendy Goepel and others connected with the Delano grape strike. With the article was a letter asking why one former nurse at the clinic had been in Los Angeles and Detroit just before the riots? The letter's conclusion is probably the key to the local fear: "Is the clinic a front for Chavez?"

The Brookses both worked for Chavez at one time, on a voluntary basis; they both seek social change, and *Salud* is the instrument with which they hope to effect that change. Sitting around the tiny kitchen table in their cabin, the doctor and his wife envision a *Salud* that will become the center of a much larger community development project. Their plans are so broad as to become confusing; the individual patient gets lost in the treatment of community ills, and the community gets lost in the treatment of society's ills. The creators of *Salud* are restless, impatient. As the doctor describes his work and his dreams, I can't help hearing the echo of Dr. Solomon's comment: "Whether it is possible to be a doctor *and* a social worker, I don't know. He doesn't seem to be able to put any physical limits on himself."

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GREEK JUNTA ON TRIAL

JAMES BECKET
Mr. Becket, a Harvard Law School graduate, is studying for a Ph.D. in international law and economics at the University of Geneva.

Strasbourg, France

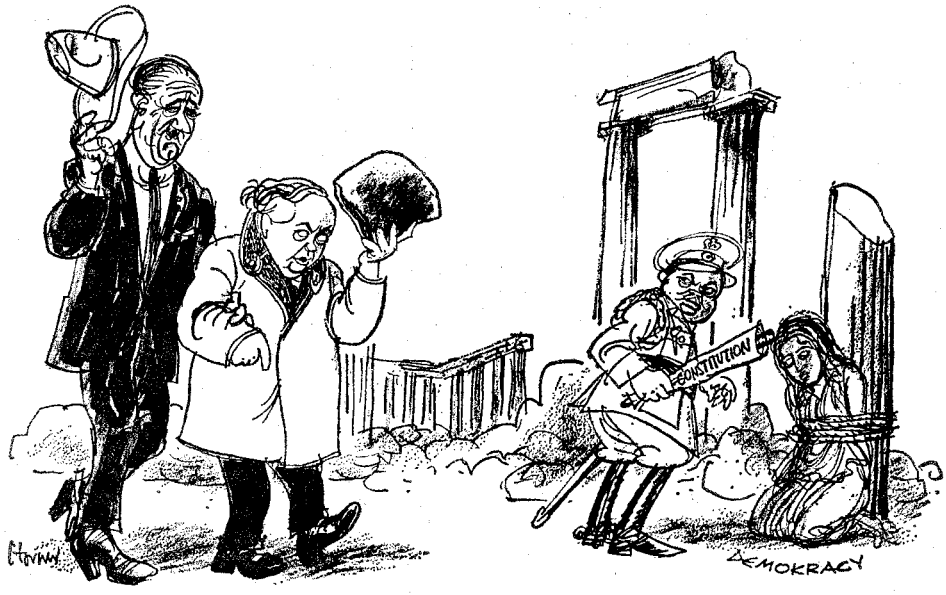
In September of 1967 the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland filed an application with the European Human Rights Commission charging the Greek junta with violating nearly all the basic articles of the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms. The case dragged on for more than a year through purely legal and procedural stages, but last month when a subcommission convened in Strasbourg to hear testimony on torture, the human element of human rights burst upon the commission. The French provincial city was the scene of a drama reminiscent of both James Bond and the Keystone Cops. Two witnesses brought by the junta escaped their guards. Rushing about Strasbourg all week were officers of the French *Sûreté*, armed junta thugs, international lawyers, Greek exiles and hordes of journalists. Not only is the case on its way to becoming a landmark in the history of the international protection of human rights, but it has assumed an immediate political importance.

The European Commission on Human Rights came into existence after World War II. Empowered to hear cases brought by individuals or member states, the basic functions of the commission are to find the facts of a dispute and to attempt a "friendly settlement." It has not been easy for the Scandinavians to press the case. Not only has pressure from many quarters been exerted on them to abandon their efforts, but it has been difficult to find witnesses outside Greece who were willing to testify, especially witnesses who had been tortured. The junta does not permit anyone who has been tortured to leave Greece, and recently they have been forcing torture victims to sign declarations that they were well treated.

The delegation of the Greek regime flew from Athens to Paris on Saturday, November 23. In this delegation of forty-nine which took the train to Strasbourg were not only lawyers and witnesses but members of the Greek security police, the military police (ESA), the Greek CIA (KYP), and *pistoleros* attached to the Prime Minister's office. Three of the witnesses were soon to find themselves on the front pages of the world press—two because they appeared before the commission and one because she didn't.

On Sunday Constantine Melitis, 33, a grocer from Salonika, and Pandelis Marketakis, 38, a car mechanic from Crete, sat with their guards in the hotel dining room puzzling over the menu. A Greek came up and offered to help. This man belonged to Andreas Papandreou's Panhellenic Liberation Movement (PAK). Through him the two witnesses found the chance they were looking for; they managed to elude their guards and arrive at the Grand Hotel to ask the Norwegian delegation for protection. The story had still not broken on Monday when an emissary of the junta came to the Grand Hotel "on his own" to ask that the "kidnapped" witnesses be handed over for "humanitarian reasons."

The two witnesses turned out to have quite a story to tell. Melitis had been the driver of the car in which a leftist deputy named Tsarouchas was arrested last May between Salonika and Athens. Melitis was savagely beaten, his cheekbone shattered, but at least he arrived alive in Salonika. Tsarouchas died of a "heart attack." Melitis broke under the KYP tortures of *falanga* (bastinado), mock execution, and worst of all electric torture when electrodes were attached to his genitals. Marketakis, who lost an eye fighting the Communists in 1948, was arrested in Crete after an explosion in a factory. He went through seventy-five days of systematic torture, nearly dying of



Horner, New Statesman (England)

Diplomatic Courtesies Resumed

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internal bleeding. When both men were finally released, the police spread the story that they had betrayed their comrades. Isolated and without work, they were cultivated by the police, who planned to use them as prosecution witnesses whenever needed. Given the ever-present threat to their families, the police believed they could count on them. They were brought to France as "tame" witnesses.

The subcommission began hearing evidence on Monday morning in a highly charged atmosphere. Proceedings before the commission are absolutely secret. (It is doubtful that any sovereign state would sign the Convention if they were public.) However, the witnesses themselves, if unable to tell what happened inside the commission, were able to relate their experiences in Greece. Lieutenant (j.g.) Marotis-Lanas of the Greek Navy's South Aegean Command, formerly in charge of the junta's security office for Piraeus and the Aegean islands (he defected after the King's coup) told of watching Greeks being tortured, told of picking bodies up on the beaches around Athens, and told of a secret interrogation center in Agios Paraskevas, near the American College, where the camp commander proudly showed him his latest torture equipment. (The Greek delegation admitted the existence of this hitherto secret camp, but claimed it was a NATO camp for "interrogating" Eastern Europeans.) The witness also told of a police list of nearly 1,000 names of those in hiding who were to be killed on capture. (Tsarouchas had been on the list.) Most important as to direct junta responsibility was Lieutenant Marotis-Lanas' testimony that in his presence Minister of the Interior Pattakos gave orders to torture and kill specific persons. Miss Kiti Arseni, 30, told of her nightmarish torture a year ago on the notorious "terraza" of the Bouboulinas Street Security Police Station. Arrested for passing along a "freedom poem" of Theodorakis, she suffered *falanga* as well as being beaten all over her naked body with a plaited steel wire. The climax was when her brother, an army draftee, was brought in and forced to beat her himself. Even those observers who knew about torture in Greece were shocked by the picture that emerged. Rather than the work of an occasional Balkan sadist, it is a highly programmed modern enterprise.

On Wednesday morning the two Greek *transfuges* left the Grand Hotel under heavy police escort, ran the gauntlet of television and press to enter the modern commission building where armed Greek heavies and Council of Europe police milled about the corridors. The French, aware that the Greeks were armed, were under orders from Paris to avoid any incidents on the premises. After the witnesses had testified, they were whisked back by the *Sûreté* to their original hotel to retrieve their luggage. In a dramatic confrontation, the head of the Greek delegation, Mr. Koutoupis, told Marketakis: "For what you have done today your children will pay."*

The drama then shifted to the fate of a third Greek witness, Miss Zaira Peta, who never appeared before the commission. (She had been in Bouboulinas at the same time as Miss Arseni.) Sunday she was in tears at dinner and each time she left her room she was flanked by two Greek guards. At least one journalist was roughed up for inquiring about her. Wednesday Miss Peta disappeared. The Greek delegation gave out three different stories as to why she was unable to appear: she was sick, her sister was sick, and business commitments necessitated her immediate return to Athens. Miss Peta is a seamstress.

Meanwhile the case gradually proceeds. More evidence on torture is being heard in mid-December, then the commission plans to hear witnesses in Greece. If a "friendly settlement" is not reached (and it is difficult to imagine how wholesale torture and murder can be subject to this formula), the commission will submit a report to the Council of Ministers, which is made up of the Foreign Ministers of the Council of Europe countries. After a three-month waiting period, they will seek a solution.

For international law and the developing international protection of human rights, this case is an important test. Here the concepts of national sovereignty and human rights clash. Before leaving Greece, Marketakis and Melitis had been told that foreigners were attacking Greece and that they would go to the Greek consulate in Strasbourg to give testimony. True, they had been beaten some themselves, but that was between Greeks and abroad they would be patriots. The exciting aspect of this case from the standpoint of human rights law (as well as from the standpoint of the victims) is that it *is* a Norwegian's business when a fellow European's human rights are violated. The question remains whether the rather fragile international mechanism can bear the strain of this case, the most important it has ever faced. The Greek investigation will make or break the commission. If it is unable to protect such basic human rights as the right to be free from torture, it will be exposed as an institution able to handle only procedural issues which provide articles in learned legal periodicals. The case is dynamite for its political implications—not only in Greece, where heads are sure to roll as a result of last month's fiasco but also in Europe and the Atlantic Alliance.

Even though this is supposedly a European matter, the proceedings were held under the long shadow of the United States. American diplomats at such institutions as

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* A Reuters story of December 18 reported that Mr. Marketakis was in London, accompanied by Greek Government officials, en route from Stockholm to Athens. His official "interpreter" said that Marketakis retracted allegations of torture, alleged that he had been kidnapped by "Communists in Strasbourg," and had been forced to say what he did under the threat of "twenty revolvers." The Greek Embassy in Stockholm also announced that he had been held earlier in Norway by "twenty anarchists" (a number apparently favored by junta spokesmen). Before turning him over to his countrymen, the Swedish police questioned Mr. Marketakis, who however, maintained that he was returning home of his own volition.

The Editors

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the Council of Europe, the Common Market and NATO have put considerable pressure on the Europeans to ease up on the Colonels. The United States argues that "communications must be kept open" with the Papadopoulos regime. If the allies were to push too hard, dangerous hard-liners might take over. But given the situation in the Mediterranean, stability not democracy has top priority. Observers at the Council of Europe, believing that NATO calls the tune, are pessimistic that the Council of Ministers would act even on a finding of genocide by the commission if it opposed what the United States conceived its NATO interests to be. But pressure is building up on the Colonels and the Americans. After the drama of Strasbourg, the one newspaper in Norway which has been sympathetic to the Colonels, the conservative *Morgenblatt*, wrote: "NATO must choose—Greece or Norway."

JUNK MAIL

A LETTER CARRIER FIGHTS BACK

JOHN P. STARK

Mr. Stark, until his recent dismissal (now being appealed) under the circumstances detailed below, had been for ten years a letter carrier in Ithaca, N.Y. Before that he worked at various times as a miner, a Fuller Brush man and a taxi driver.

Ithaca

This is being written on Sunday, November 17, 1968. I left my home about eight o'clock this cold and drizzly morning, and strolled the three blocks past the new library and through the park to the post office, where I jotted down a few last notes to wind up my ten-year research project on *The U.S. Post Office and Its Problems*. (You'll notice right away that I didn't use this for my title.)

Now, after ten short years, how to distill that almost daily research into a few paragraphs that will have meaning to the outsider, the patron who receives the mail that I, a letter carrier, deliver? I can best begin, perhaps, by quoting from the certified letter I received four days ago from the Postmaster:

> On November 9, 1968, you refused to case and deliver 3rd class bulk mail, deemed mailable by the post office department, sorted to your route, mailed by R. H. Donnelley Corp., 2000 York Road, Oak Brook, Ill. 60523. . . . On November 12, 1968, you again refused to case and deliver this mail. . . .

What prompted that refusal I'll never know for sure—perhaps simple exasperation, after a heavy day, at seeing several trays of those half-inch-thick, sample-and-coupon-crammed envelopes neatly stacked under my case by an obliging clerk. To come off the route, tired and wet, and face a bulk mailing for the next day's delivery is always trying. However, after a good night's sleep, it usually looks much less formidable the next morning. But I thought a lot about those Reuben Donnelley samples that night, and when I reported for work the next morning, I had decided what to do. Since they were of letter size, but too bulky to fit into my first-class case, and at the same time too small to be handled from my junk case, I would refuse to work them on the ground that they were unmailable. I've been convinced for a long time that a great deal of the bulk mail admitted at the back door of the Post Office would be refused at the front windows if it were mailed by an individual, *even at first- or second-class rates*. And these Donnelley samples seemed to offer the perfect opportunity to put my theory to the test. It was also a wonderful feeling to do something I had been wanting to do for years.

After being sent home on the Tuesday morning after Veterans' Day, I decided to consult with the union president on my position; in an hour's talk, he convinced me of the futility of continued refusal to work. I had made my point, and the next move was up to the department. Any further refusal by me could only hurt my family by jeopardizing my postal career. In fact, he pointed out, I had probably already gone too far. The letter previously quoted from bore this out. It begins: "This is advance notice of at least 35 calendar days that it is proposed to remove you from the postal service or to take such other disciplinary action. . . ."

In the four days I have worked since being informed of the charge against me, namely "failure to deliver mail as requested by the supervisor," I have been busy on my own behalf. As Napoleon said, "The best defense is a surprise offense." This article is just that—an offensive thrust by one spear against the favored positions of big business, the sole beneficiary of bulk-rate mail.

For four days, I have counted each piece of mail sorted to my route. The figures are as follows:

	Good Mail	*Bulk Mail*	*Throw-away**
Wednesday	780	580	95
Thursday	1,000	400	100
Friday	1,050	390	95
Saturday	770	545	165
Totals	3,600	1,915	455

* A throwaway is a bulk-rate piece of mail that can be neither forwarded nor returned, and is destroyed at the post office.

I think the value of these figures is limited only by their sparsity; I offer them as a token attempt at a monumental task—to bring to the American public the truth about the bulk-rate mail fraud. I use the word "fraud" with some bitterness, because I have always considered myself an

(Continued on page 16)

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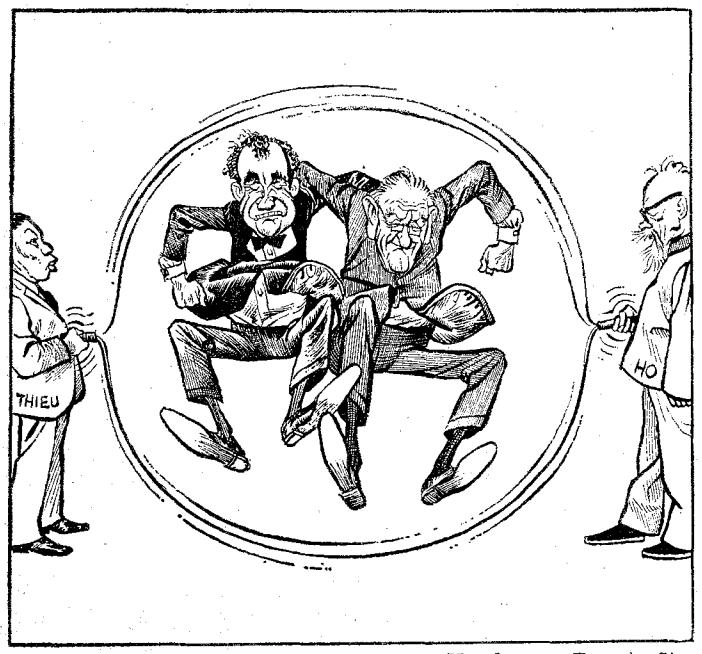
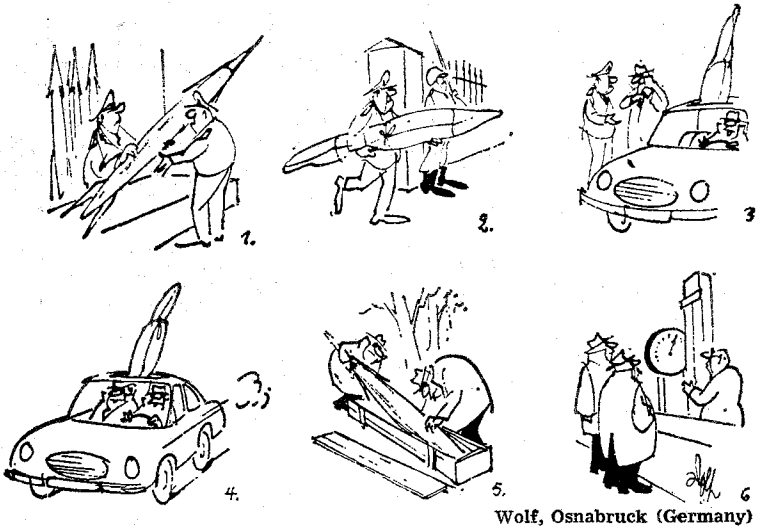
Some Cartoons of 1968



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Waite, The Sun (London)

"Let's Teach Franco a Lesson—
Let's All Go to Spain This Year"

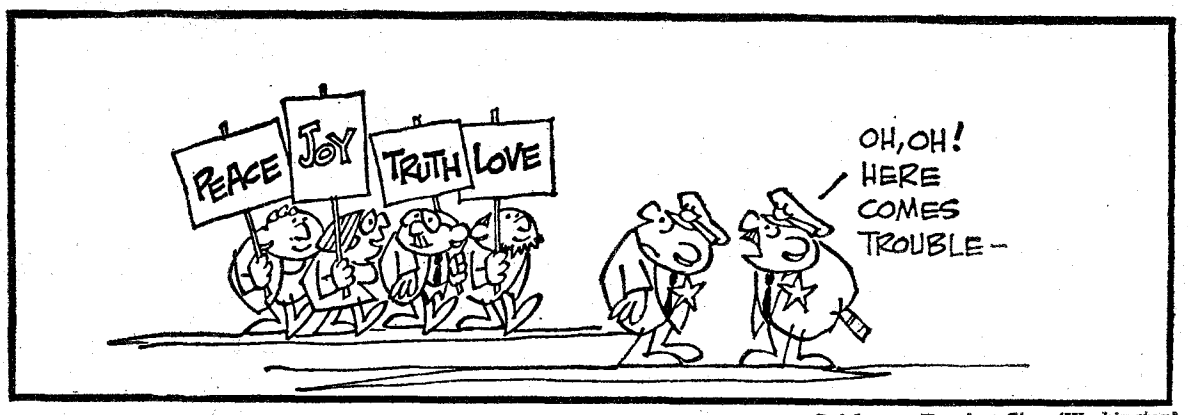


Wolf, Osnabruck (Germany)

Launching of the First German Rocket to Moscow

Jon, London Daily Mail

Another *Stirring Clarion Call*



Brickman, Evening Star (Washington)

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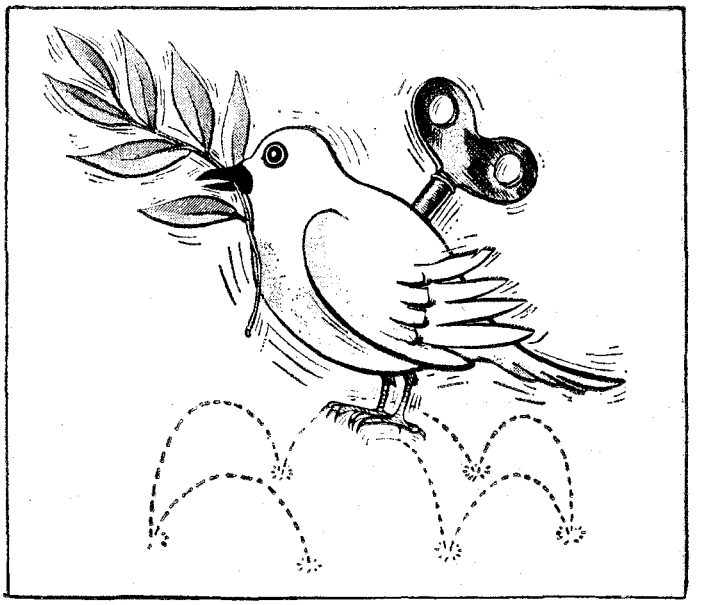
Jones, Toronto Telegram

"And Hubie—Go Show Spiro Where the Fallout Shelter Is"



Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

Jones, Toronto Telegram

Big Deal in Ottawa

Pat Fink

"He's Been Reading My Mind"

Oliphant, Los Angeles Times

"Welcome Aboard Flight 417, New York to Miami"

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honest man. And yet, in the intense concentration of these past few days, I see myself as the errand boy for an organization that has betrayed the trust of the American people. In effect, the post office says to every big or little corporation: "We'll give you such a good deal on distributing your advertising matter and your free samples that you cannot afford to pass us up." And then the post office turns to you and me and says: "We're operating under a $500 million deficit—you have got to pay another penny for each Christmas card this year."

Here are the words of the President of the National Association of Letter Carriers, James H. Rademacher, taken from page 7 of the November *Postal Record*, the monthly NALC journal:

> We revel in the thought that we, as letter carriers, are Ambassadors of Uncle Sam, the flesh and blood embodiment of the Federal Government with whom the public does business every working day of the year. . . . We are the human agents through which the life-blood of the economic community flows, as well as the couriers who make the transmission of information and ideas among our citizens possible.

Been looking in your mailbox lately, Mr. Rademacher? If you lived on my route, every third piece of mail delivered to your house would be a bulk-rate item that you had neither expected nor solicited—a piece of mail that would hardly give me cause to "revel in the thought" of its "transmission," or you reason even to open it before tossing it in the wastebasket.

I know just one thing about Mr. Rademacher's job: If it were my job, I'd forget about the letter carrier's *image* and start working with management and every new Congressman I could buttonhole toward establishing an equitable rate system for all users of the postal service. Since it requires an act of Congress to change rates, I'd instigate a thorough study of the whole bulk-rate class of mail. While we don't know for sure that first- and second-class mail pay their way, we may be certain that the bulk-rate class of mail costs the most money to handle. (It cost the taxpayers three hours of overtime for me these last four days.) Right now in the post office where I work, there is a shipment of a soap powder sample from Colgate-Palmolive Company, 2700 Seventh Street, Berkeley, Calif., 94700. The R. H. Donnelley Corporation, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550, is the distributor. Each carton contains seventy-four 11-ounce samples. Whether the parcel post men or the foot carriers get the honor of being "the human agents through which the lifeblood of the economic community flows" in this particular case, one thing is sure —it's going to cost someone a lot of overtime to insure the delivery of these free samples from one of the largest corporations in the country.

Piled high on my case, for sorting tomorrow morning, are some 475 Montgomery Ward "Okkies"—a newspaper-size circular addressed to "Occupant, 000 Street, City." This type of bulk-rate mailing always has a deadline. If the sale starts Wednesday, a white mimeographed slip attached to each bound bundle will advise: "Postmaster: Do not home deliver these before Monday, November 18. Please see that they are all delivered not later than Wednesday, November 20." What business or person can send out a batch of first-class letters with such a stipulation?

These past few days, I have been forced to think harder on one subject than ever before in my forty years. To research other articles and introduce masses of statistics seem pointless—I have neither the time nor the inclination to read second-hand accounts of a situation that seems to me incredibly simple and yet almost hopeless of solution. My fellow carriers and clerk friends have all admired my guts and then proceeded to kick me there by inevitably asking, "What do you think one man can do?"

Here in the quiet of my own home, I have at last come up with the answer—"when the ship is sinking, you don't worry about a stopped-up toilet." The petty squabbles between postal unions and management must be seen for what they are—a waste of talent that should be pooled in seeking Congressional help. The Kappel commission's report on the postal service makes many salient points, but the NALC has come out strongly in opposition to its most important idea, that of a post office corporation.

Here is Mr. Rademacher again:

> The NALC is strongly in favor of boldness in action and imagination in thinking among our postal managers, but we are opposed completely to doubtful experimentation which could leave the postal service a shambles.

To illustrate the priority of importance in the moving

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of mail, let's reduce the whole complicated postal installation in any city to its basic components—men and materials. A post office is a unique kind of factory—the finished product is exactly the same as the raw material; the only change it undergoes is one of sorting. And as a factory it faces a unique problem—a postal installation cannot shut off the inflow of unsorted mail, or even regulate the flow from one day to the next. Given X number of carriers working Y number of hours, with a capacity of Z pieces of mail per carrier, the total output of any post office in any city or town in the country is XYZ. Every day sees this XYZ total output factor strained to its utmost, at least in some post office, somewhere. To talk about automation, scanning machines, standardized sizes, and all the other jargon of the efficiency experts is begging the issue, or worse, not even seeing the simplicity of the problem—which is the amount of mail a given number of men can deliver. Until the postal system can somehow limit the inflow to a more significant type of mail, then to have more than one class of mail is a fraud, in a general sense. With the XYZ factor determining the rate of flow, the ever-building pressure of incoming mail determines that all mail travel together through the sorting processes; bulk mail that is set aside until there is time to handle it without overtime will eventually have to be reinserted into the flow of incoming mail, whether or not there is time or space to handle it. "Whenever practicable," first- and second-class mail are still given priority, but as newer and faster ways of sorting and handling mail are devised, that XYZ total output factor is going to loom ever larger as the bottleneck in the whole system.

Remember, the carrier is the X quantity in this factor. The mail that he delivers, by foot or by truck, is the final finished product of that vast complex known as the post office. The quality of that finished product can be determined only by an aroused public.

GOP GOVERNORS

THE ILLUSION OF POWER

MELVIN H. BERNSTEIN
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Los Angeles

Richard Nixon indicated his regard for the Republican Governors Association by designating Vice President-elect Spiro T. Agnew as the liaison between the state governors and the White House. Agnew, by his own testimony, is to act as a "channel of communications"; even more important from a practical standpoint, he is to be the clearing house through which the governors' patronage must pass.

Nixon named Agnew as his personal representative to the governors at the three-day RGA conference in Palm Springs, Calif., in early December, where closed business sessions took place infrequently in the resort atmosphere. Certainly the schisms of the country were not mirrored in the aquamarine mineral baths of the swank Spa Hotel, where all was unity, bliss and "communications." Only four resolutions were produced by the conference. One of these thanked the host, Gov. Ronald Reagan, for California's hospitality, and another commended outgoing Chairman Chafee of Rhode Island and Vice Chairman Babcock of Montana for their labors. George Romney offered a resolution expressing the Assembly's appreciation of Ray Bliss's "exceptional professional contribution" to the Republican Party, but nevertheless stopped short of recommending that he be retained to make more such contributions.

The group's most substantial resolution recommended that Nixon consider announcing that upon taking office he would stay any last-minute administrative maneuvers which were designed to perpetuate Johnsonian policies. The RGA's new chairman, Ronald Reagan, well briefed at other times, found he could not recall more than two examples of "politically motivated actions with broad fiscal and other implications designed to hamstring and embarrass the Nixon administration" that had supposedly been discussed in the final business session of the conference. Under questioning from reporters he was frank to say that the resolutions had been made to order for the President-elect.

That the conservative Reagan was unanimously elected chairman of the RGA for 1969 was a further blow to any hope that the organization could become a progressive force in Republican politics. Raymond Shafer, a moderate, will succeed Reagan in 1970, and a rotation of offices between conservatives and moderates appears to have been accepted. Certainly Reagan's philosophy is to quash public controversy within party ranks; he rode that horse all the way to Sacramento in 1966.

The California Governor's political slant is in striking contrast to that of the organizers of the RGA. In July of 1963, liberal Mark Hatfield, then Governor of Oregon, announced the birth of a Republican governors' caucus which would meet each year and coordinate programs with the more conservative Republican National Committee and GOP Congressional Campaign committees. Leadership of the governors' new organization rested then in the hands of such state executives as Robert Smylie of Idaho, its first chairman, Love of Colorado, and Scranton of Pennsylvania. Nelson Rockefeller, Romney and Hatfield provided additional muscle for the progressive point of view in the RGA.

There were sixteen Republican governors at the initial caucus in 1963, and the group rose to twenty-five after the 1966 elections. At present thirty-one Republican gov-

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Ed Keiss, Toronto

ernors either retain office or were elected in November. With the increase of GOP control of governorships, the moderate-liberal tone of the RGA faded. The governors were unable to unify behind a Presidential candidate in 1964 and could not secure representation on the reactionary GOP platform committee, headed by then conservative Congressman and now Cabinet appointee Melvin Laird. Nor could the governors agree upon a candidate in 1968 or gain much more than bare representation on the Dirksen-dominated platform committee at Miami Beach.

As the new chairman, Reagan stated the political philosophy of the RGA to be a continuing effort to restore the balance between the national government and the sovereign states operating under a federal compact. This sums up the probable emphasis of both the RGA and the Nixon administration for the next four years. It is hardly a reassuring orientation when one recalls the 20th-century failures of the states to meet the challenges of an urbanized, industrialized society.

Nelson Rockefeller offered his fellow governors their one opportunity for controversy with a proposal to support the federalization of state welfare programs. It was conveniently overlooked—this conference was designed to promote consensus, not conflict. It is doubtful, though, that any resolution would have more than marginal effect on the Nixon administration. The RGA faces cooperation with the first Republican President in its five-year history, during which time the group has proved itself a relatively powerless organization in the Republican Party. The governors are influential in their home states, but as an association they function more as a public relations forum for individual members than as a body of tangible party influence. The association can make no binding decisions, has no constituency, and can nominate no candidates.

Certainly the RGA rates more attention from Richard Nixon's administration than from Lyndon Johnson. But the governors' sway will likely be determined more by how closely their views resemble those of Nixon and of the Congressional wing of the party than by what they as an association can accomplish directly. To be sure, Nixon has appointed three Republican governors—Romney, Volpe, and Hickel—to his Cabinet, but they are not out of the top gubernatorial drawer.

Agnew did not represent himself as an effective channel for any sort of communications during his shoddy national campaign, and with Reagan as its spokesman, the Republican Governors Association will probably lose whatever progressive thrust it has been able to mount in the past. There is little real hope that the RGA will in the foreseeable future provide leadership to reshape GOP thinking and policies, or to broaden the party's narrow base of support. Its programs seem designed to maintain the illusions of unity.

BRAZIL: THE TANKS ROLL

WARREN DEAN
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Sao Paulo

The Brazilian Government has made it official—it's not a democracy, it's a dictatorship. On Friday, December 13, President Costa e Silva closed the Congress, arrested a number of politicians and journalists (including ex-President Kubitschek), instituted overt open press censorship, and suppressed *habeas corpus*. The government also asserted the power to intervene in state governments, to declare a state of siege, and to begin another round of suspending individual political liberties. The reason, or pretext, for this wave of reaction was the refusal of the Congress to permit one of its members to be indicted.

The deputy in question, Márcio Moureira Alves, had made a speech back in September on the floor of the chamber in which he called for a boycott of the Independence Day parades as a protest against the "butchers of the students"—that is, the army. The military ministers thereupon demanded that Márcio be brought to trial for a crime against national security. At first it seemed that a confrontation could be avoided by some compromise, perhaps a public expiation by the rest of the chamber. But no, the army insisted: it wanted Márcio's head.

The Congress, up to then a thoroughly subservient bunch, saw this latest exigency by the "hard liners" as an unavoidable showdown. To allow a colleague to be tried for a political statement, besides setting a lamentable pre-

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cedent, would reveal to the electorate how utterly impotent the Congress was. Goaded by the threats of the Minister of Justice and the heavy-handed tactics of the majority leadership, the chamber voted strongly against granting license to try. Within hours the tanks were moving out of the encampments.

The government seems to be resolving in this drastic fashion the problem of its unpopularity. For nearly a year, President Costa e Silva has been trying to cope with a deepening political crisis that is mainly of his own making. Gradually giving way to the demands of the "hard line" in the army, he withdrew from sixty-eight municipalities the right to elect their mayors (the new constitution had already taken that right from the state capitals), declared illegal Carlos Lacerda's attempt to form a "broad front" of opposition elements because the coalition included the exiled Joao Goulart, ordered a raid on the National Student Congress (an illegal, but up to then tolerated group), jailing all 700 of its delegates, and exiled former President Jânio Quadros to a remote border town for having made political statements. In each of these cases the government chose to regard an act of political opposition as a form of attempted subversion. Instead of co-opting the leaders it has simply repressed them, and subsequently it has refused to deal with the sources of discontent upon which these various oppositions nourished.

As the intransigence of the government has revealed itself, the really subversive forces have become more active. Several terrorist groups are at work. So far, they are unapprehended and for the most part unidentified by the police, and they are successful to the extent that they have provoked a counter-terror from the Right. Elements in the Air Force have been caught trying to form a political assassination unit, and weapons seem to have been made available to "anti-Communist" groups from army stocks.

The shutting down of Congress and the arrogation of other super-constitutional powers is an act of stunning finality for a political system that has always managed to keep going by fashioning unsatisfactory compromises out of threadbare personal commitments and free-wheeling private ambitions. The civilian politicians always refrained from putting their colleagues' backs to the wall in order to avoid being put there themselves. But lately the atmosphere has become less cordial. With the political organization and registration of large numbers of the urban masses in the 1950s, the potential for radical, class-oriented appeals became frightening, or tempting, depending on one's inclinations. The generals, representing the interests and attitudes of the urban middle class, found the "Populist" demagogy that arose out of the changed situation repulsive because it was dishonest and disreputable. With the arrival of genuine radical movements sponsored by Miguel Arraes and Francisco Juliao from the state of Pernambuco in the early 1960s, their disdain turned to horror and fear.

The civilian politicians obviously gave the military carte blanche to put a lid on all this social ferment. They proved thoroughly capable of dismantling the labor unions, the peasant leagues, and the personalistic political machines of the cities, restoring to the middle-class parties a tightened control over a devastated political landscape. Significantly, they at the same time purged all the elements within the army that had moderated its ambitions either by representing a certain affinity for the Left or by preferring that officers keep out of politics. In large measure the intermittent repression since then has had the same purpose—to keep mass political movements of any sort from breaking out again. The government's use of the term "subversion" seems usually to have that meaning.

But now the crisis has shifted to a conflict within the governing class itself. The students, the already exiled politicians, and even the terrorists are minor distractions to the army's major drive to root out what it considers the failings of the politicians, the bureaucracy, the courts, and even the church. The officers regard the game of politics with loathing; for them it is sheer disorder and corruption. Their greatest efforts have been directed to reorganizing the political system so that politicians will have little power in it. Direct elections were replaced by indirect elections and appointments, the open party system was replaced by one government party and one tolerated opposition party (the latter in process of liquidation before the Congress was closed), and all political activity was subjected to the superior review of military courts and investigating boards in the name of "national security" or more opaquely "the revolution."

The overall effect of these actions has been profoundly disruptive of the political system, but the generals up to the latest decree continued to tinker, hoping perhaps that with the elimination of a few more individuals or the rewriting of certain of the rules, the system would begin to work to their satisfaction. They have not tried to rewrite the whole game but it is clear, in spite of their democratic rhetoric, that they would be most satisfied with a Salazar-like corporative-Fascist state.

The decree of December 13 will probably isolate the military still more from the society it is trying to remake. The closing of Congress and the other measures, unlike the revolutionary decrees issued in 1964 and 1965, do not have a time limit; they are intended to be in effect, apparently, for a considerable period. Furthermore, the decree, unlike the others, was issued long after passage of the new constitution, which the government itself pushed through Congress and which the government promised to honor. Although many of the civilian politicians scurried to telegraph offices to wire their adherence, it is evident that only the generals are influencing the President now. The middle class itself displays no interest in the affair; it is content as long as inflation is controlled and the specter of communism is kept at bay.

Probably the conflict with the revolutionary Left has not yet been played out. The government, having legitimized violence, is in for more action from those who see violence as the only effective opposition, and surely their ranks will swell. Rather than a leftist revolution, however, other army coups are more likely to follow. President Costa e Silva is riding a whirlwind and it is to be expected that his new counselors will eventually decide he has not got enough stomach for the action.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn: Optimist and Realist

THE CANCER WARD. *By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Translated by Rebecca Frank. The Dial Press. 616 pp. $8.50.*

EMILE CAPOUYA
Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls.

This novel by the author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle* labors under a "Publisher's Foreword" that can be numbered among Mr. Solzhenitsyn's tribulations. It begins with a brief account of the arrest, imprisonment and subsequent literary career of Dostoevsky. Then, manner of Plutarch, it presents a biographical sketch of Mr. Solzhenitsyn, together with a review of the recent social and political history of the Soviet Union—provided, I imagine, by the translator or another scholarly person. There follows a précis of the novel itself, presumably for the benefit of readers who are pressed for time. Finally, Dostoevsky is invoked again, and the publisher expresses his confidence that Mr. Solzhenitsyn's book will bowl along down the ringing grooves of time, like those of his great predecessor. The impertinence, in both senses, of such a foreword is particularly scandalous here, since the author is not in a position to defend himself. If publishers must blurble opinions that advance their commercial interests, perhaps they can be persuaded to do so on the dust jacket only, which can be discarded like the wrapping paper it is.

In this instance, the taste of the presentation is brought more insistently into question by a copyright dispute between a British publisher, who is producing an edition of his own, and the Dial Press. The British firm is alleging copyright infringement, and has also criticized Miss Rebecca Frank's translation as being so faulty that it does a disservice to the author. The merits of the case must be presumed to have nothing whatever to do with the arguments on either side appealing to literary values; publishers as litigants are not in a position to assert what literary taste they may have, since their aims are essentially commercial. Miss Frank's translation must seem quite adequate to the readers of the Dial edition. However, those readers should be warned that although Dial has expressed confidence in the permanent value of *The Cancer Ward* as a work of art, it felt that the book would not be worth $8.50 today unless it were eked out to 616 pages, with the help of disproportionate margins—a luxury that violates good design by distracting one's attention from the text.

From *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, that sober and compressed account of a forced-labor camp, one could scarcely have anticipated the rich complexity of *The First Circle*. It is true that the structure of the latter novel is episodic, rendered in scenes that are more or less independent of one another, while the action is contained within a period of three days only. Nevertheless, it presents an image of Soviet society—the reverse of the official one, and almost equally far removed from the ignorantly hostile portrait painted by political prejudice in the West—that is imaginatively adequate and fulfilling. Reviewers and the public in this country have responded to the book with enthusiasm. Indeed, it seems to enjoy more esteem among the critics, at least, than that rather more modestly framed story, *The Cancer Ward*. It is easy to explain that apparent preference.

For one thing, the characters of *The First Circle*, whether prisoners or officials, are mostly the technicians and bureaucrats who are called intellectuals in the Soviet Union but whom we ourselves would regard simply as members of the middle class. The motives and fortunes of such characters naturally find a ready sympathy in this country among persons who read or write. Then, the novel in which they figure gives a detailed account of the workings of the Soviet system of repression, which is not entirely distinct from the Soviet way of life in general. When every day brings some signal new instance of the struggle for freedom of conscience in the states under Russian hegemony, the relevance and topicality of *The First Circle* is constantly being vindicated. Finally, it contains bravura scenes that are intensely theatrical, and these too must contribute to the popularity of the story.

More austere in conception, presenting characters that are on the whole less sophisticated, *The Cancer Ward* appears to me to be more satisfying as a novel, more interesting in terms of literary accomplishment. It is ironical that a work still unpublished, if not officially proscribed, in the country that gave it birth, should support by its grandly humanistic concerns the perennial Soviet strictures upon the degeneracy of Western letters. In comparison with Solzhenitsyn's novel, the light wines and strong liquors of our own literature during the last quarter-century offer nothing in the way of nourishment for the spirit. His plain fare is the product of a preoccupation with the basic terms of social life, and it supports in turn ideals and sentiments of a higher order than are current with us.

The story takes place in the cancer wing of a hospital in a city of one of the Soviet Asiatic republics. This novel, too, proceeds by episodes, and a number of them present sketches of the varieties of Soviet man. The least flattering is that of Rusanov, in civil life a functionary in the record-keeping apparatus of the state; Rusanov's records concern people, and give him the power to dispose of the lives of his fellow citizens. In the name of the proletariat he tyrannizes over proletarians, questioning, imprisoning, exiling, searching out subversion and disaffection, inventing them at need—whether at the behest of the government or on his own account. Once in the cancer ward as a patient, he finds himself among sufferers too afflicted to acknowledge his power, and physicians who on their own ground exercise even greater power, and in a better cause. When his symptoms are arrested and he is released from the hospital, he reverts at once to his old social habits. He has missed the opportunity to find out on what terms he and every other human being holds his life. He may find out at last, for the author suggests that Rusanov is enjoying no more than a remission of his illness.

If Rusanov is a kind of minor Eichmann, whose crimes have official sanction so that he is scarcely exposed to bad conscience, another of the patients of the cancer ward represents a kind of "good conscience" that is much more understandable, even attractive, much more common under every variety of social organization, and ultimately more discouraging to the hope of achieving a humane polity. He is a young geologist, of positive temperament, studious to the point of mortification, possessed by a hypothesis in his specialty that he regards as more important than his cure or his life. As for the social arrangements that govern the Soviet Union, they have never interfered with him in any way. He is the ideal Komsomol, an image

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of official Soviet man. His disinterested enthusiasm for science and his athlete's dedication will never threaten the powers that be—in the USSR or any other place. He is a lineal descendant of Turgenev's Bazarov, the original nihilist and modern man of science; his brethren in all the advanced industrial nations are now the unacknowledged legislators of mankind.

But the most striking and rewarding portrait is of a former junior officer in the army who has been sentenced to forced labor for political disaffection, and later to perpetual exile. Kostoglotov is one of those extraordinary persons who actually learn from experience—that is, his reflections on his own history are original with him, and not derived from the received opinions that constitute the body of social superstition at any time. He knows that his life of exile is a terrible injustice, that the Soviet state is a tyranny—the more shameful for its claim to incarnate a lofty ideal of political decency. Without for a moment hankering after the other social systems of which we have had examples so far, for he is shrewd enough to guess at the forms that injustice must assume in other states that claim to represent the popular will and the interests of the common man, he longs with an exile's yearning for a community of fair dealing, of love of truth.

Kostoglotov is not a saint, nor a lay figure representing an ideal of primitive Christianity that is appealing in proportion as it is obviously inadequate to deal with the problem of evil. He is a man, with a man's faults, and a man's aspiration to do better than he does. The problem of evil is indeed, under many forms, the deepest concern of Kostoglotov, and the particular preoccupation of his author. By instinct, both Solzhenitsyn and Kostoglotov confront the question positively.

They do not resign themselves to accepting malice or misfortune, but both are rebellious as a matter of conscience, as a matter of honor. Kostoglotov is unresigned even when it comes to the conventions of being ill. He demands to know what drugs are being used upon him, what their effects may be, what is the state of his own "case." He has the strength to surmount the sick man's obsession with his disease to the extent of falling in love. Vera Gangart, the woman who finds herself responding to Kostoglotov despite her habits of puritan abnegation, responds of course to his admiration and desire for her, but also to his unregenerate desire for a truthful basis for life, which she recognizes as the sign of vitality.

Solzhenitsyn is an optimist, a temperament that has always assumed loneliness, suffering and exile to be natural features of this conditional world, but that is not so cast down by that assumption as to think that evil cannot be mitigated by courage and love. Pessimists are persons who have promised themselves paradise on earth, and feel hopelessly dashed by the peripeties of real life. The optimists are the realists: Solzhenitsyn gives a sad resolution to his novel.

In the zoo that Kostoglotov visits on his release from the hospital, the monkey's cage is empty, and a sign tells the public that "a mean person" blinded the animal by throwing tobacco in its eyes. Evil will come. Kostoglotov's disease has been arrested by the injection of hormones, at the price of destroying his virility. He feels that as a political exile and a kind of sexual invalid he will be no proper partner for Vera, and he goes off alone to the remote village where he must spend the remainder of his life. That decision is of a piece with his headstrong character. The reader does not feel assured that Kostoglotov has made the right choice—why should not Vera have been the better for his company? But there is no guarantee that strong natures will choose wisely, only that they will act on their own best inspiration.

You Can't Get There From Here

POWER IN THE HOUSE: A History of the Leadership of the House of Representatives. *By Richard Bolling. E. P. Dutton & Co. 291 pp. $6.95.*

JFK AND LBJ: The Influence of Personality upon Politics. *By Tom Wicker. William Morrow & Co. 297 pp. $5.*

PARTY LEADERS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. *By Randall B. Ripley. The Brookings Institution. 221 pp. $6.75.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

> To any student of government, it is eminently clear that the role of the Congress in determining national policy, defense or otherwise, has deteriorated over the years. More and more the role of Congress has come to be that of a sometimes querulous but essentially kindly uncle who complains while furiously puffing on his pipe but who finally, as everyone expects, gives in and hands over the allowance, grants the permission, or raises his hand in blessing, and then returns to the rocking chair for another year of somnolence broken only by an occasional anxious glance down the avenue and a muttered doubt as to whether he had done the right thing.
>
> *House Report 1406, Eighty-seventh Congress, Second Session (1962)*

The decline of the role of Congress in the legislative process has become an insistent political reality. While our national assembly has not suffered the precipitous skid of European parliaments to near oblivion, it has been wrenched from its constitutional base as a legislative body by expanding Presidential responsibility for legislative initiative, planning, drafting, the scheduling of priorities, and the mobilization of mass support for programs. The Presidential take-over has resulted from the emergence of a national constituency shaped by changing social forces and the centrality of foreign policy and military defense during the almost continuous hot and cold wars of the past quarter of a century.

A separate and largely independent set of social and political forces has at the same time atrophied the legislative competence of the Congress in dealing with the problems created by urbanization and industrialization. Influenced in part by the value preferences discussed below, the Congress is unwilling to handle the risks, inherent in complex systems management, of commitment to deferred, uncertain or intangible ends.

Congress is in the throes of a serious identity crisis as it lurches from a "rubber-stamp" to an obstructionist role, to use the language of its critics, seeking legislative ground which it can call its own. While it has not resolved the paradox of refusing to legislate as the sole means available to it of asserting its autonomy, neither has it wholly accepted its role as a junior partner of the President. Its present unhappy stance is something like that of a peevish editor who blue-pencils, mutilates or dilutes Presidential legislative contributions through compromising amendments in favor of minority interest groups, inadequate funding and (a specialty of the House) spiteful riders. This ambiguous and largely negative role has itself intensified the deadlock. The need to obtain cooperation of the Congress and at the same time to soothe its status anxieties (already well developed in the House by its feelings of inferiority to the "other body") has created new prob-

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THE POOL

There was a place
a pool we all
came down for water

with the moon
above and
shining from it.

Quiet we came
silver and black
different ones of us

from among the trees
the hair of the
women long and

snagged with briars, leaves.
Some dark as the pool
some light as the moon

we, all, naked
walking carefully our
toes pointed straight

and the silence
around us was
from us

there was a place
a pool we all
came down for water.

DAVE KELLY

lems for the vote-hunting leadership.

The problem of the legislative role of Congress (not to speak of its decline even as a theatre of party conflict) is as sticky as the Supreme Court crisis of the thirties. And what makes it even stickier is the fact that it cannot be resolved without first internally reorganizing and democratizing the Congress—especially the House.

Feared in an earlier day as the Trojan horse for an equalitarian rabble, the House stubbornly clings to the *status quo*: gerontocracy, economic conservatism, social fundamentalism and nativism. With its small-town ways of thinking, insulation from the main currents of American life, perennial campaigning for re-election and selective response to the most backward constituency pressures, the House has become the dead-end kid of American Government. While it is true, as some have noted, that the House is a lot more *pluribus* than it is *unum*, the *unum* that orates, investigates and legislates is the distillation of all our regressive myths and stereotypes. The few modern periods of Congressional legislative initiative have left a dreary harvest of statutory weeds, but in season and out, the House does its best to teach us through its spasms of legislative initiative how nasty the American celebration can be. (HUAC, flag desecration, LSD possession, the Pool bill, conscription, the anti-student rider, draft-card burning, the ouster of Powell, and an anti-riot bill—benighted, vindictive or just plain stupid measures passed by substantial majorities in the 90th Congress.)

Since the organization of their Democratic Study Group a decade ago, the liberals in the House have been losing ground and, far from capturing the leadership role warranted by their potential support, they have become adjuncts of the Establishment and its power system, a co-opted and divided opposition.

Richard Bolling, a ten-term liberal Missouri Democrat and a protégé and lieutenant of Speaker Rayburn (once regarded as his crown prince and possible successor) has written an angry polemic against 77-year-old Speaker McCormack whom he rates lower than Caligula's horse and not to be discussed in the same breath with such illustrious House leaders as Clay, Reed and Longworth. It is the most blunt assault on a House speaker since Uncle Joe Cannon was toppled by George Norris and his insurgent colleagues almost sixty years ago.

Bolling, who served informally as the leadership whip for the Democratic Study Group, is particularly bitter about McCormack's failure to mobilize the resources of his office to deal with the Southern Democrats who cooperate with Northern Republicans to sabotage the President's program. Bolling himself in 1961 had a first-hand encounter with this let's-not-be-beastly-to-the-bourbons style of House leadership. He ran for majority leader against Carl Albert of Oklahoma and lost in a struggle in which the urban machine Democratic regulars (including McCormack privately) lined up with the Southern Democrats. Two years later, he published *House Out of Order*, a book whose concern with the mechanics of House reform was sparked by the author's conviction that stronger leadership and more resolute tactics were required to fight the coalition.

Power in the House is a rewrite of the earlier volume prepared as a weapon for liberal Democrats in a planned bid to unseat McCormack at the beginning of the 91st Congress. The book is therefore more important as a political act, a manifesto for liberal Democrats, than for the details of its argument or the value of its proposed measures to reverse the entropy of the speakership.

Bolling's case is weakened by the sharpness of his criticisms of the Speaker. He scornfully arraigns McCormack for his provincial style of leadership, his Southern ties ("the Boston-Austin axis"), his fondness for ex-Mayor Curley of Boston (a source of discord with the Kennedys), and opportunism. With an ill-concealed patrician disgust he notes that McCormack's services to his South Boston supporters "provide him with a cushion against parochial, working-class constituents who prefer their cultural ghetto and whose political enthusiasms embrace candidates such as Louise Hicks." But the problem of the House leadership is not a problem created by McCormack's personality or constituents. Bolling's personal strictures obscure the fact that the system which organizes power in the House—the safe district, seniority, weak party loyalty, diffusion of power, oligarchic control by committee chairmen—has institutionalized conciliatory leadership and a policy of accommodation to dissident Southerners.

Bolling himself notes that it was Speaker Rayburn, the father of the cheek-turning tactics of accommodation, who refused to punish the Southern Democrats who had bolted the party to support the Thurmond candidacy in 1948, and "took the position that only the performance of a member in Washington mattered," and that "it was not his business what the member did about politics back home." As Bolling now acknowledges, this style seemed to work much better than it actually did, and when Rayburn (and Johnson in the Senate) ended their leadership tenure, their successors (in the House and Senate) demonstrated the inadequacy of working the legislative cages with crafty animal-taming stunts as a substitute for a structured leadership.

Bolling's specific proposals for strengthening the leadership are commendable but utopian. His key suggestion, to empower the Speaker to nominate members of Ways and Means and Rules and standing committee chairmen, could not conceivably be achieved without a revolution in the Democratic Party. The fact that "you can't get there from here" is itself a potent argument for a new politics.

Bolling assumes that McCormack's successor—his candidate was Majority Leader Albert until the debacle at Chicago—would use these centralized powers to implement a progressive Presidential program. But every solution in this area is dogged by a fresh difficulty: even if the speakership could be rehabilitated as a countervailing source of power to curb the committee chairmen, there is a strong possibility it could still be used in opposition to the President and not in his support.

The selection of the Speaker is itself an important institutional defense of the system. The advancement of members of the House up the rungs of leadership

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is governed by Rayburn's law that "to get along you must go along." And like just about everything else in the House, the choice of leaders has become bureaucratized into a co-opted succession from Deputy Whip to Speaker, controlled by the incumbent power holders in order to preserve and protect the system.

Bolling's core complaint (and what leads him into such strong, misplaced personal denunciations of the Speaker) comes down to a feeling that pandering to an obstructionist minority is politically immoral. He would applaud Walter Bagehot's tribute—in a different but related context—to effective parliamentary leadership.

> A good horse likes to feel the rider's bit; and a great deliberative assembly likes to feel that it is under worthy guidance. A minister who succumbs to the House—who ostentatiously seeks its pleasure—who does not try to regulate it—who will not boldly point out plain errors to it, seldom thrives. The great leaders of Parliament have varied much, but they have all had a certain firmness. A great assembly is as soon spoiled by over indulgence as a little child.

If the stress on personality is intrusive in Bolling's book, it is puzzling in Mr. Wicker's. The *New York Times* columnist and Washington Bureau Chief argues that "the influence of personality" was responsible for President Kennedy's "loss of Congress" and for LBJ's loss of his consensus. But this thesis (in the vein of 19th-century "portraits from history") does not unify the book, the whole of which is somewhat less than the promised sum of the two parts into which it is about evenly divided. Wicker does not even try to prove that Kennedy lost Congress as a result of the influence of his personality.

The Kennedy portion of his book deals with three skirmishes in 1961: the duel between the Rules Committee chairman Howard Smith and Speaker Rayburn as an agent of the Kennedy administration over the proposed enlargement of the Rules Committee to supply an administration majority; the fight over the amendment of the Fair Labor Standards Act; and the unsuccessful attempt to enact an education bill. The stumbling progress of these measures in the House was frustrating, but that hardly proves that Kennedy lost the Congress. JFK's initial failures were the result of his tenuous Congressional majority (paralleling his razor-thin electoral margin) and the rudimentary state of his Congressional liaison. And Wicker exaggerates the failures. The administration did win the Rules Committee fight. Wicker insists that victory could have been more decisive, about as valid a point in politics as Louis XIV's complaint that his coachman was "almost late." To be sure, Rayburn—unlike Hugo Smith—did not play the game to the hilt, but that was the way Mr. Sam always played the game.

The 1961 Rules Committee enlargement fight was a symbolic assertion of Presidential legislative responsibility under highly unfavorable circumstances. What is notable about it is that the administration, armed with little more than an activist theory, *made a political issue of Presidential legislative leadership* and took extraordinary risks. Not that the change itself was so important. Rayburn, after preliminary feints, rejected pressures by Bolling and the Democratic Study Group for a binding party caucus to force the change and for the ouster of Rules committeeman Colmer, a 1960 Presidential election defector. Rayburn never even considered limiting the Rules Committee's powers or jurisdiction. He chose a floor fight on the enlargement issue because the alternative measures might have seriously threatened the system. In addition, Rayburn insisted on minimizing a disruption of the *status quo* by seeking only a temporary change. The fact that the change proved to be quite ineffective in the 87th Congress made it easy to obtain a substantial majority (235 to 196) in the 88th for making it permanent, a development which Wicker ignores.

Wicker argues, in connection with his other two case histories, that there was a serious gap between Kennedy's pre-election rhetoric and his Congressional resources. So there was. Apart from the fact that Kennedy had no way of anticipating his ultimate Congressional strength, the hortatory collective ("we must" as in "we must get the country moving again") is a staple of Democratic Presidential campaigns, the proclamation of a hoped for "hundred days." More well-founded is Wicker's charge that after promising wine and roses in return for a mandate to remake the country, the new administration promptly proceeded "domestic as a plate" to "retire at half past eight." Not only did the new President fail to offer fresh programs in support of a promised aggressive leadership role, but he fawned on and compromised with the Southerners.

Wicker's account of the influences which led Johnson to escalate the war is perceptive. Here personality plays a more plausible role than in the Kennedy essay: Johnson emerges as the nativist, self-righteous, simplistic, blood-redemption anti-Communist; the doomed gun slinger in a pop-tragic Western, his proud regeneration ambushed by his demons. But here, too, Wicker properly places strong stress on objective considerations: the circumstances of Johnson's accession to power forced him to maintain continuity of policy and reliance upon the Kennedy personnel whose thinking was responsible for initiating the escalation.

Professor Ripley's scholarly essay explores the extent to which party leaders in the House influence legislative behavior. The three-cornered system of dispersal of power, weak leadership and minimal party control has become the permanent *modus operandi* of the House Democrats, with some variations in terms of stronger ideological unity among the Republicans. The lack of leadership power in the Democratic ranks operates, ironically enough, to stabilize the tenure of the Speaker because he is no threat to the mavericks. Why dethrone a figurehead? The Republicans (as Bolling enviously notes) change their leaders more frequently because the consequences of dissent can be more damaging.

This institutionalized limitation on leadership authority has placed a premium on persuasion, bargaining, psychological whammy, Knute Rockne-ish exhortation, and similar forms of personal

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appeal, all "flavored with a large degree of understanding for members who cannot go along on a given bill." The dialectics of this courtship leads the lawmaker to set up shop for himself, play hard to get ("refuse to be taken for granted" is the term of art), trade his vote for return favors, "credits," or future concessions. And as the impatient administration takes over the pursuit of votes from the House leadership, the stakes are raised and the fate of legislation turns on the success of a new kind of high-level "social politics," compounded of buttering-up, barter and blackmail.

Since the keepers of the system must acquiesce in its reform, it is hard to see how meaningful change is possible. The 1946 Legislative Reorganization Act, basically an attempt to restore autonomy to the Congress, merely indentured its power more strongly to the system. The strangling in 1968 by the House Rules Committee of the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1967, with its mushy reforms and the recently announced abandonment of Bolling's dump-McCormack strategy because of the Study Group's cold feet, teach us anew that the more things change in the House the more they remain the same—or get worse. When will we face the fact that traditional politics is incapable of restructuring Congressional power relationships, however desperate the need?

THE MUMMIES OF GUANAJUATO

Some have shoes and hair
though one needs an ear;
and another, a replacement
for an unmentionable souvenir.

Death, here, is described
in the form of a plea.
A joke: fix that third foot
and you'll run better.

Dead-eye is as dead-eye does.
These faces have resolved
mood and complaint
openly in the underground.

It's a cold "because"
at work in the boneyard.
Death of the soft office,
of the dream without eyes,

the death of my friends,
death of my father,
can you not fix forever
this sinister corpus!

MARVIN BELL

Incomplete Diagnosis

BLACK RAGE. *By William H. Grier, M.D., and Price M. Cobbs, M.D. Basic Books. 213 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES A. VALENTINE
Mr. Valentine, who teaches anthropology at Washington University, St. Louis, is on leave to study an urban black community. He is the author of Culture and Poverty *(University of Chicago Press).*

Men who still hope that American society can be saved from violent disintegration by humane and rational communication are beginning to sound desperate. Even as they act on this hope such men find themselves portraying a national condition which provides little or no support for their own motivating hopefulness.

At the beginning of *Black Rage* the authors clearly state the premises on which their book is based:

> As the lines [of racial conflict] become more firmly drawn, exchange of information is the first casualty.
>
> If racist hostility is to subside, and if we are to avoid open conflict on a nationwide scale, information is the most desperately needed commodity of our times.
>
> And of the things that need knowing, none is more important than that all blacks are angry.

At the end of the book the authors ask: "What is likely to galvanize the masses into aggression against the whites?" After suggesting that the particular flash point is unpredictable they add: "It seems certain only that on the course the nation now is headed it will happen."

And then:

> If existing oppressions and humiliating disenfranchisements are to be lifted, they will have to be lifted most speedily, or catastrophe will follow.
>
> For there are no more psychological tricks blacks can play upon themselves. . . No more lies. . . No more dreams. . . No more opiates. . . No more patience. No more thought. No more reason. Only a welling tide risen out of all those terrible years of grief, now a tidal wave of fury and rage, and all black, black as night.

In the intervening 200 pages, no reason is given to think that this or any number of similar acts of communication will lead to a speedy end to the humiliation and oppression of racism in America. On the contrary, a major theme of the book is that white supremacy and black inferiority are deeply built into the consciousness (not to mention the unconscious) of all Americans by a combination of mutually reinforcing historical and psychological mechanisms. The authors' analysis effectively destroys their own opening premises.

There is also little or nothing in *Black Rage* that would lead us to hope for anything from the oppressed masses except the orgy of furious destruction predicted in the final paragraph quoted above. Black people are portrayed as so crippled psychologically by centuries of white terrorism that their "quantum of grief" can only be "released in the form of rage—black rage, apocalyptic and final."

It is two black psychiatrists, writing for a white audience, who have produced these dire portrayals and prognostications. Theirs is a brilliant book which combines highly passionate eloquence with thoroughly intellectual seriousness. Their approach is essentially clinical, though they also make considerable use of historical background and a sociological framework. Case histories of individual black patients provide the bulk of their evidence. Psychoanalysis is the most conspicuous theoretical preference of the authors, but the book often leans heavily on economic and cultural determinism as well. The book is not at all academic, being quite innocent of footnotes, bibliography or other documentation in the conventional scholarly sense.

Drs. Grier and Cobbs explore one aspect after another of the psychological worlds of black people in America. They set forth their thesis that all blacks suffer from more or less suppressed anger and self-hatred, created by the psychosocial effects of slavery and later forms of institutional racism.

Grier and Cobbs's discussion of family patterns gives an idea of their relationship to some prominent themes in recent writing about Negro Americans. They dismiss as "simplistic half-truths" Moynihan's thesis that disorganized families are the core of black people's difficulties in association with emasculation under conditions of urbanization. On the contrary, they argue, Negro family problems exist "because the United States sets its hand against black people and by the strength of wealth, size and number, *prevents* black families from protecting their members." The authors do not shrink from the policy implications of their position:

> A program for strengthening black families would have to include a change in the fabric of the nation. . . Such a

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program would include a change in the working of governments so that black people could command that officials serve them, not humiliate them; that policemen protect them, not prey on them. . . that officialdom generally and courts of law in particular [cease] keeping black families huddled together in a ghetto for the enrichment of real estate interests.

Yet these same authors unhesitatingly accept the more basic premise that there is a distinct entity known as "the Negro family." While they add little to what has already been written, they echo the popular judgment that black families in general are "in deep trouble," "coming apart," and "failing to provide the nurturing that black children need." In fact, they really agree with the fundamental point in the Moynihan analysis, for they state this point in quite familiar terms: "A great many of the problems of black people in America can be traced back to the widespread crumbling of the family structure." So they disagree about causes and cures but not about where the nub of the problem lies.

In the end, a central message of *Black Rage* seems very like the same old diagnosis: the crux of black people's problems is their own disorganization, pathology, and weakness. All this is caused by past and present white oppression, but the locus of the problem is now in black people, their families, and their psyches. "The white man has crushed all but the life from blacks. . . ." "Black men have been so hurt in their manhood that they are now unsure and uneasy as they teach their sons to be men." As for the black child, "his spirit was crushed before he knew there was need of it."

Unlike many purveyors of similar analyses, Grier and Cobbs *do* say unequivocally that none of these problems can be solved until whites accede to the basic demand of black people: "Get off our backs! . . . How? By simply doing it—now." In *Black Rage* this demand does *not* have the hollow ring of mere lip service to the ideal of ending oppression—again unlike other formulations which link social disadvantage to cultural disorganization or group pathology. Moreover, these two psychiatrists recognize that much that is conventionally labeled abnormal is necessary for black survival in America, e.g., "a healthy cultural paranoia." They are able to ask about a black patient who felt persecuted: "Who can really tell where her delusions end and reality begins in this mad, mad land?"

The authors enter a plea for clinicians "who can tell the difference between a sick man and a sick nation." Some of their ideas about mental health and therapy go well beyond the stock psychiatric bromides: "A black man's soul can live only if it is oriented toward a change of the social order. A good therapist helps a man change his inner life so that he can more effectively change his outer world." Thus the conceptions of pathology in *Black Rage* are by no means confined to the commonplace rationalizations of the *status quo* that one discovers in many psychiatrically oriented discussions of social problems.

Nevertheless, the prime focus on group pathology strikes this reviewer as the most serious flaw in Grier and Cobbs's work. Several major limitations of the book appear to stem directly from this concentration of attention on the psychic damage suffered by black people in America. The psychic *strengths* by which black Americans survive, their *healthy* adaptability, their *creativity* and capacity for change are not entirely ignored in this book; but these qualities are given only brief and relatively superficial consideration. Little attention is given to the movements for social change created by black people struggling against white oppression.

This is why *Black Rage* threatens a savage outburst of nation-wide destruction—but suggests no creative accompaniment or outcome from this confrontation. Over and over, particularly toward the end of the volume, Grier and Cobbs describe the predominant feelings of ghetto blacks as "grief and depression." These they interpret as "hatred turned on the self." Then they suggest that "as the sufferer moves toward health, the hatred he had turned on himself is redirected toward his tormenters," with the fury of his attack a measure of the original hurt. Translated into terms of mass behavior this seems to mean that we can expect a cathartic blood bath but no creative revolutionary movement. Ultimately this becomes a demeaning portrayal of debased masses capable of achieving "health" only through irrational aggression. Thus one more derogatory stereotype seems to have been born.

Indeed, these authors appear to attach their only faith in more positive possibilities to individual men of heroic stature. "Malcolm is an authentic hero, indeed the only universal black hero. . . . The essence of Malcolm X was growth, change, and a seeking after truth. . . . [He outgrew] the ideas of revolution and black nationhood . . . by the time of his death." In this same context we are told that the ideology of black militancy is "static" because it is "encased" within those same "ideas of revolution." Thus Grier and Cobbs insist that the white man must "get off our backs," and yet without suggesting how this might be done, they seem to reject anything labeled revolutionary. Presumably this is because they cannot imagine a black revolution as being anything but a frenzied orgy of violence without any goal beyond the expression of Black Rage.

Fortunately for everyone concerned, this prognostication does not ring true to one who lives in a black ghetto and studies the ongoing struggle

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there. Here one may see black and brown people, sometimes working with real white allies, making many kinds of efforts to assert and defend their own interests against oppression. Most of these efforts involve opposition to white racism. Some go beyond this and attempt to *transcend* the racism that poisons American society as a whole. These are certainly creative initiatives. Some of them may well be revolutionary. Black rage indeed exists in the ghettos, but it is neither the only psychological reality nor as yet the predominant mood.

The book is certainly well worth reading to make up one's own mind about it. There is much that is impressive or intriguing or both in *Black Rage* that cannot be conveyed in a brief review. One might consider, for example, whether a major intention of the book is to threaten and frighten white Americans. Whether or not the authors had any such design in mind, their book might well have this effect. A final question, then, would be: to what purpose? Is there any reason why black people should expect something good from a frightened —or a more frightened—whitey?

All in all, this exercise in "exchange of information" between black and white is a failure. This must be said even though the attempt was surely well intended and obviously carried out by men of insight and imagination. It does not seem likely that it will contribute significantly to whatever national developments might be required to see to it that "racist hostility is to subside" or that "we . . . avoid open conflict on a nationwide scale." It may be that this is hardly the fault of the enterprising and insistent authors, but that America has passed the point where it can be saved by any "exchange of information."

Yet more must be said. The information conveyed by *Black Rage* is no longer what predominantly white America most needs to learn. Of course, white Americans should know that black people are suffering and are angry. Those whites who are sufficiently ignorant or insensitive or have missed these contemporary realities, however, are not likely to be much influenced by one more treatise, no matter how passionate and intellectual it is. The great untold story of our time is rather the creativity, strength, and determination with which the poor and people of color are struggling to find constructive and humane solutions for their problems, thus making these the nation's problems.

This story is not told in *Black Rage*. Indeed *Black Rage* has probably made the task of telling this story effectively to America a little more difficult than it was already.

DINAH

Some are too difficult to win.
I work to remove her doubt.
By the time I've figured me in,
She's already figured me out.

A. R. AMMONS

Out of White Sight

COMING OF AGE IN MISSISSIPPI. *By Anne Moody. The Dial Press. 348 pp. $5.95.*

MARY ELLMANN
Mrs. Ellmann is the author of the recently published Thinking About Women *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

This is the autobiography of a young woman who was born, on September 15, 1940, at the bottom of the American pile. Her parents, Diddly and Toosweet, were sharecropper Negroes on a plantation in Wilkinson County, in the southwest corner of Mississippi. Anne Moody, then called Essie Mae, was their first child. She had a sister and a brother before Diddly left brown Toosweet for yellow Florence. Then Toosweet, in turn, took up with yellow Raymond, whose family came and took away her next baby as they might have come and claimed Raymond's shoes or Raymond's flashlight. Nonetheless, Toosweet marries Raymond, first by common law and then by law, and they have more babies. At the end of the book, when Anne Moody is 24, a graduate of Tougaloo College in Mississippi, and a full-time CORE organizer, Toosweet's tenth child is 3 months old.

The book is very simply divided into sections: Childhood, High School, College and The Movement. The first section, Childhood, is different from, and better than, all the rest. Something is new here: the door is shut and the black family is inside, out of white sight. This now ancient aspect of America, rural Southern black life, begins to speak. It hits the page like a natural force, crude and undeniable and, against all principles of beauty, beautiful.

At first, the child Essie Mae accepts as the only world a world of heat, snakes, hogs, cow dung, bare feet, outhouses, beans and bread. The poverty of the family imposes an overwhelming physicality, a relentless wheeling of sensations —in their context, shooting dice is cerebral, a release into abstraction. The primary sense of existence is cloacal, as of a people expelled like excrement into their septic "quarters." The filth rises into their primitive language: *shit* is its first word, *ass* is its second. But this is an inexplicably fine filth. The mother, Toosweet, cannot get through a sentence without *shit*, and yet her sentences (like her ridiculous name) become her. One experiences a conversion to this speech —as delicate as pig's feet, rounded, comic, resourceful. There are infinite uses of *ass* alone—cheap-assed, rich-assed, little raggle-ass house, I'm going to *kill* your ass! It is the speech of the unregenerate and the uncritically alive, of Toosweet who is nothing but Negro and American—turning out ten-pound brown babies for her high yellow lout Raymond and screaming at her daughter:

> What you know about some African dance? You don't know nothin' about Africa. Ain't never seen an African in your life.

The daughter is intelligent and energetic. The mother's vivacity is translated into the child's ambition, and it is that rigorous compulsion with which the sections, High School and College, deal. This ambition is understandable, even admirable, and entirely familiar— the early assumption of shame, the retaliatory thrusting of the self ahead, the acquisition of credentials, of the vocabulary and the poise by means of which the person may manipulate rather than be manipulated. In America, this is of course a more difficult progress for the native black than for any immigrant. I would not seem to underestimate the cruelties which we incorporate in the name Mississippi, or the bold, embittered strength with which Anne Moody came through the place. And in the final section of her book, The Movement, her personal ambition changes, as personal ambition rarely does, into generosity. She gives herself, enslaves herself, to the drudgery and danger and admitted bleakness of the civil rights cause.

Why then, does all this effort rouse only a stale approbation? Because here, though it *must be* better to learn and change and rebel against injustice, it *sounds* worse. This is a prose propelled only by time, by one year's following another, except in Childhood where feeling leaps on top of time and generates a book—in the first part of a nonbook. In this sense, the composition is involuntary: words well up in some deep regressive alliance with the past, and quite fail the present. A transition from the vivid to the trite occurs, which is perhaps like

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everyone's transition from child to adult, or from innocence to common knowledge. Here it seems also a transition from black to white. What words, after all, do education in a white culture and commitment to a social cause, put into the mouth? Only literary clichés and militant jargon. Observation becomes facile and depthless. The child's baptism was a baptism—the overdressed ladies on the bank, the blasphemous mooing of cows, wet muck in the hair and eyes and ears. "This shit means I've been washed clean of all my sins!" But the adult loss of faith is banal—genuine in life, one supposes, but now almost embarrassing. In the language of The Movement, real regret ("Now look what Wilbert done done to her") becomes mechanical:

> killings, beatings and abuses
> killings, beatings, and intimidations
> whites killing, beating, and misusing Negroes

If the offense had not become rote, the least of them would not be, repeatedly, the last. A black boy on the street, explaining why Emmet Till dared to whistle at a white woman, immortalizes the freedom of the North:

> That boy was from Chicago, shit, everybody fuck everybody up there.

Anne Moody, CORE organizer, attempts to describe the spirit of support:

> Their interest, courage, and concern gave all of us that extra lift we needed.

But it is impossible to keep these interested, courageous and concerned people straight. Doris and Dave and George and Joan, black and white, run into one another and the gray Movement. The accidental revelation is one of the impersonality, the perhaps necessary frigidity of political and social convictions. The Movement breeds an alienation from the people for whom it moves, an exasperation with their humility, their fear, their swarming shameless need—in fact, with their Toosweet-ness. Anne Moody's championship of the blacks is brave and right, but in its course the blacks themselves slip out of her embrace.

Making It as a Poet

THE GLASS HOUSE: The Life of Theodore Roethke. *By Allan Seager. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 301 pp. $7.95.*

SELECTED LETTERS OF THEODORE ROETHKE. *Edited with an introduction by Ralph J. Mills, Jr. University of Washington Press. 295 pp. $6.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL
Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(University of Illinois Press).*

"A 'pot' in Americanese," Theodore Roethke explained to an English woman, "is a low, clownish, objectionable fellow; he is a worm, a louse, a 'gloob.' " By his own frequent admission, Roethke was a "pot"—a roaring, ineradicably provincial boy from Saginaw, Mich.; an innocent abroad; an embarrassing correspondent filling letters with "self-pity and various howls" and "I-love-me items."

An earlier reviewer found his letters dull, but they are not so much dull as potty; and if, as letters, they are seldom comparable to those of Hart Crane, another provincial, still they are valuable and interesting as one of the genuine sources of information and insight about a remarkable and in some ways representative contemporary poet. Inevitably, the letters record an education, in Roethke's case a maturation—obliquely, however, at a distinct remove from the mind that made the poems. The letters, even those exhibiting Roethke's manic or depressed states, are not themselves tortured, as the poems are. From them one can only guess the struggle by which the worm (to appropriate an applicable phrase of Emerson's) mounted through the spires of form.

Another or fuller selection of letters would not, I suspect, appreciably alter this. Mr. Mills limited his selections to those letters illustrating Roethke's career as a poet and teacher; the letters begin at age 23, and there are none to Roethke's mother, sister or wife.

But Mr. Seager, a fellow writer and friend of Roethke, who had access to the poet's papers, does not do much more in his biography than a reader of Roethke's poems might do with the available letters. I have been told that the biography was completed at the time of Mr. Seager's death, but it is more agreeable to think that such a competent writer had sketched in only the scenario of the *life*. The "glass house," his father's greenhouse, Roethke says, is "my symbol for the whole of life." But Seager's book, either for reasons of tact or inadequacy of imagination, gives only a small part of it. This is regrettable because as a biographer Seager's opportunity for presenting Roethke was greater than Mills's.

In a biography of a poet, the most serious flaw is a lack of connection between the poet's life and art—a connection which might have been made if the biographer had been saturated in Roethke's poems. Another flaw is underfurnishing, for biography intersects history and should reconstitute the times in order to re-create the life. Roethke's life seems thin not only because the resources of his background were thin—his cultural, social and political intelligence was underdeveloped—but because Seager does not give us the milieu

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GARAGE

The roof's so full of holes
Constellations creep down the walls
Across the floor where Henry Ford's
Black blood and the stifled groans
Of dinosaurs seep back into the earth.
Silence hangs from a rusty nail,
Peeps from the vacant eye
Of the swallow's nest in the rafters,
From the mute webs of spiders
And the beetle's husk.

Listening to the dumb mouths of jars
I hear of wheels spun off
To the junkyard, spokes sprung out
Like zodiacs, houses of fortune full
Of mice, a legacy bequeathed the moon,
Ruled by the nettle, fleabane, thistle,
Conjunctions of torn upholstery
And weeping headlights,
Gauge on empty, clock on twelve,
Throttle stuck wide open.

HENRY CARLILE

that actually stimulated and nurtured him. Roethke's poetic career is not related to the movement of poetry and criticism through which it passed, nor does Seager do much more than name those poets and critics, like Rolfe Humphries, Stanley Kunitz, Louise Bogan, Kenneth Burke, William Carlos Williams, Dylan Thomas and René Char, upon whom, in various ways, he so heavily depended. The critical reception of Roethke's books interests him more than the forces within and without that enabled Roethke, time after time, to go beyond his past performances. Certainly, a variety of forces and not only his breakdowns are responsible for his poetic progress. One discovers this (in both the letters and the biography) in the radical departure of *The Lost Son and Other Poems* from his first book of poems. Here was a sudden growth to which many things contributed, among them the liberating and confirming atmosphere of Bennington College, where Roethke taught from 1943 to 1946, the friendship of Kenneth Burke, his most responsive and probing critic and one of his "papas," and the encouragement and criticism of William Carlos Williams, his papa among the poets.

Seager might have dug up the review of the poet's performance at the Circle in the Square Theatre (Roethke was a great performer) or included Roethke's remark on his mother's death: "It ain't fashionable, but I miss her." There might have been more discussion of Roethke's interest in children's books and his intense conflict with what, in an early uncollected poem, he called the "corruptive machine of lust," or of his struggle to rise out of the writhing forms of his secret life. This is an obsessive theme closely related to another equally obsessive theme, that (to use a phrase he noted in a poem by John Malcolm Brinnin) of "god-father."

An intimate knowledge of all of Roethke's poetry is needed in order to appreciate the achieved reconciliation of these themes in "The Rose" of "North American Sequence," or to appreciate their reconciliation in his life. The letters (the most important source of Seager's biography) reveal the loosening, yielding, loving, and accepting of the last years, as well as Roethke's new concern with "final terms" and his determination to "learn to whistle in any dark." Assuredly, this is the golden thread of Roethke's life.

What is prominent in the biography and in this selection of letters is his "making it," the account of the success and reputation poetry finally brought a poet who was always eager for approval, adulation and reward. This might be called the grubby underside of poetry and, in Roethke's case, it is part of the life of a poet who earned his livelihood in the university. Roethke was a great teacher of poetry ("As a teacher," he says, "I have taught what I learned as a writer"), but he was also something of an academic careerist always in search of a better position, more prestige and higher pay. His insecurity is understandable: he began his career in the depression years of the thirties when the tenure of poets was doubly uncertain. He had been let go at Michigan State College for no other reason than the inconvenience (and genteel fear) of mental breakdown and, much later, at the University of Washington, he had to be defended against a state legislator who considered him "some kind of nut." Seager includes the university's cold letter of dismissal, and the defense of the role of the poet in the university written by Robert Heilman, whose unusual understanding and courage he praises. Seager most closely identifies with Roethke, the writer in the university who, like himself, suffered and weathered academic life, and seems to enjoy scoring the university, or rather, in Roethke's words, "the administrative bastards." At 28, Roethke knew that "*place* does have a lot to do with productivity"—and he moved around in search of it. And he knew—poets take warning!—that "lyric ardor/Chills in the cool of the academy shadow."

Nation Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

THE BEATLES. *By Hunter Davies. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 357 pp. $6.95.*

It's fitting that this book should appear at a time when it is becoming increasingly fashionable to put down the Beatles for their own apparent put-down (in *Revolution* and elsewhere) of political commitment. John Lennon seemed to have anticipated the trend when he told Mr. Davies: "People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't. We're just doing it. People want to know what the inner meaning of *Mr. Kite* was. There wasn't any. I just did it. I shoved a lot of words together then shoved some noise on. I just did it. I didn't dig that song when I wrote it. I didn't believe in it when I was doing it. But nobody will believe it. They don't want to. They want it to be important."

The most interesting sections of Mr. Davies' affectionate but not uncritical "authorized" biography are the early ones, about who John, Paul, George, Ringo and their families were before the Beatles existed. Whether he intended it or not (he probably did, for he is very skillful), the author's wonderfully acute picture of their post-Beatlemania lives makes it clear that it's more sad than beautiful to become rich, famous and worshiped before you are 30.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: A Modern Guide to Sex, Security and the Soft Buck. *Edited by Joel Lieber. David White Co. 207 pp. $5.95.*

This collection of pieces about the various deplorable ways in which America buys security these days—from Barbie dolls to honeymoon packages and cemetery plots—has an odd cumulative effect: it shows the extent to which anger has been diluted into professional irony, and that witty articles about such horrors have become almost an appendage to the horror itself. (What is Leo Litwak's touching pro-Esalen piece doing in a book which means to attack "exploiting insecurity"?) Tom Wolfe on Las Vegas and Calvin Trillin's dead-pan charting of some days in the life of a Dow campus recruiter are particularly good but, with the exception of Richard M. Elman's piece on Southern California, I miss what I can't remember so consciously missing before: a sense of outrage.

A MOMENT IN CAMELOT. *By Maggie Rennart. Bernard Geis Associ-*

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ates. 713 pp. $8.95.

Miss Rennart's very long novel is a commendably high-level soap opera about social and political life in Washington during the Kennedy years, heavy with the aura of inside information. President Girard and his beautiful wife, Andrea, are troubled by serious domestic problems, but they are very graceful about solving them. Their story alternates with that of another, more typical, Washington couple—a computerlike State Department type and his wife, a sexy art critic—whose marital problems are more flamboyant. There are a lot of parties, Senators both lecherous and wise, and witty newspaper reporters. The political sections—a small Cuban crisis and a long Southern civil rights section starring the maid of the art critic—is pretty noble and awful stuff, but this could be a good gift for someone who has been disabled by a nonpainful illness.

A USELESS DAY. *By Janine Brégeon. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Grove Press. 90 pp. $3.50.*

A 25-year-old French housewife and mother decides one morning that it's not worth getting up and, in the monologue that follows, almost convinces us that she's right: the pointlessness and sheer predictability of her life have marooned her somewhere between rage and despair and, although she finally becomes a bit hopeful about expanding her relationships with her husband and children, at the end of the book one is tempted to urge her back into bed again. Despite its unfortunate resemblance to fictionalized Betty Friedan, Mlle. Brégeon's portrait of a certain kind of middle-class emptiness—and its consequent threat to sanity—is powerful and sympathetic.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

Two well-known English plays, Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and Frank Marcus' *The Killing of Sister George*, have been turned into films. The first has been transposed by its original author, the second by Lukas Heller. Both have been directed by Americans: the Pinter by William Friedkin, the Marcus-Heller by Richard Aldrich.

The original material in both cases would appear to be uncinematic. Still the first retains its basic fascination and is altogether superior to the second, though the latter will almost certainly prove more successful at the box office.

The Birthday Party, archetypically commonplace in its details, is in effect a fantasia of fear and persecution. Not only is Stanley, its central figure, a failed pianist gone to seed, hiding from the world and haunted by fear; but so are his persecutors. Even the dull "landscape" outside the tatty little seaside boarding house where Stanley has sequestered himself has the look of a town stricken by some nameless ailment. The buildings are haggard, the sea seems dead, the streets are inert, the beach chairs ghostly. They are all dyed with the hue of mortality.

Both in their 60s, Peter and his wife, who own the lodgings, are drab and depressed; the man, a lowly worker, is honestly, forbearingly, resignedly squelched; the woman, chirpingly and childishly so. She is too dimwitted to fear anything except perhaps the grim reaper himself: she lives in a cozy vacuum of inanity in which only remnants of kindly and uncomprehending womanhood still reside.

Stanley is in terror of those who ruined his career, "carved him up," and ultimately of being taken away by them, *removed*. When two strangers, Goldberg and McCann, come on the scene, Nemesis (or "Society") enters. Of the two, McCann, the muscle man, is a moron, in shivering awe of his superior, Goldberg. Goldberg is all glib good humor, schmaltzy sentiment, fierce will, gifted with an armory of clichés. He too is mad: his affable *sang-froid*, his fake ease collapse now and then into insane rage at a reminder by his inferior of antecedents for whom he harbors a muddled nostalgia. He is also idiotically hypochondriac.

The two men's toying and teasing and their bewildering demands on Stanley to justify his existence—addressed in a battery of questions composed of everything from stupid quiz posers to metaphysical and scientific conundrums—reduce Stanley to speechless impotence. The inquisitors haul him off a helpless victim. Where he is taken—to a sanitarium, a madhouse, a gang boss or a prison—does not matter: it signifies his doom. No one is strong enough to protest; most are too dumb to understand.

Pinter's ear is so keen, his method so economic and so shrewdly stylized, balancing humdrum realistic notations with suggestions of unfathomable violence, that his play succeeds in being both funny and horrific. He is aided in this by Friedkin's direction. It is comprised of excellent camera work, the subtle use of color and environmental authenticity, the elimination of all sound except for the dialogue, and above all by the acting.

The cast is truly remarkable. Sydney tafler's trim and powerful physique *acts*: it stands for "solid respectability." His unctuous bonhomie, his treacherously winning smoothness which spills out in a delightful Anglo-Yiddish accent (without caricature), his latent savagery constitute an unforgettable portrait. Very nearly on the same level, though in a less complex part, is Patrick Magee as McCann.

Anguished by his own brainlessness, murderously protective of his private insanities and something of a sleepwalker in his own and his victim's nightmares, he too creates a memorable impression. Robert Shaw's Stanley, though rather too robust to appear utterly consumed by despair and somewhat more acid than the character as written, conveys the feeling of a tormented person who might once have become a whole man. Dandy Nichols' housekeeper is almost too absolute in her low-grade innocence and mental deficiency. She achieves tenderness not through sentiment but through her total unawareness of practically everything except the presence of

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Stanley, the scratchy cub in her care.

This then is as fine a film version of the play as I can imagine. Yet I felt something lacking, despite the fact that it is better acted and directed than were either of the two stage productions I had seen. At first, I thought my slight demur had something to do with cuts Pinter had made in the text (for example, Stanley's peculiar proposal of "elopement" with Lulu the neighborhood cutie, as well as the indication that in the blindman's-buff scene at the party Stanley had begun to strangle her) but on afterthought I have come to suspect that there is something in the play's essential nature which makes it truer to itself on the stage than it can be in even so excellent a film.

On the screen *The Birthday Party* becomes a suspense and horror story—albeit a very special one—with such cinematic tricks as the sudden switch to sputtering black-and-white flashes—wiping out all color; on the stage *The Birthday Party*, less obviously ominous, is an inescapably living experience, *life itself!*

And this for a paradoxical reason: film by its very quiddity is always more specific, more "realistic" than the stage: the camera reveals everything. By its very unmistakable *"thereness"* the film dispels some of *The Birthday Party*'s allusiveness and "make-believe." On screen we behold mystery concretely; on stage it exists covertly, phantomlike, in the manner of a memory which tinctures a whole episode or period of our lives with its own supra-sensible aura. That is why I sometimes wish that film makers would cease adapting plays and novels and conceive their work directly.

The Killing of Sister George may attract many people by its boldness. What was once a skillful comedy skating between mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor in regard to female homosexuality has been converted in the film into "the shocking drama of a love triangle involving three women"—in other words, an explicit exploitation of its Lesbian aspect.

The word itself was never pronounced in the play; in the film the young girl says to her jealous mate: "Not every woman in the world is a Lesbian," to which the reply is, "I am aware of that unfortunate fact." Common obscenities are delivered full blast, and there is a lengthy and minute sequence of an all-female seduction. For some this may betoken "liberation" and may thus be presumed to mark progress.

The Killing of Sister George is nevertheless a bad picture. The fun poked at television is dissipated in extended banality and the love affair is basically uninteresting because we don't give a hoot for any of the ladies engaged in it: their "psychology" neatly limned in the play becomes falsely pathetic, a mere pretense of sympathy through its frankness. The play's superficiality was one of its assets. The spurious seriousness of the picture spoils the comedy, while its brave assault on convention is little but hollow show.

Take for example the ending. "George," the discarded television actress who for years has played the role of a sort of mother figure in a suburban English community, is offered a job as the "voice-over" for a cow in an animated film. She is insulted and at first scorns the very idea. But like the inveterate ham she is—she *has* to act—the lady begins to rehearse a dolorous "moo!" In the play—which has only one setting and only four characters—she sits alone in her room shortly after she has been abandoned by her girl friend (gone off with the T.V. program supervisor, a discreet Lesbian of resolutely correct bearing), and with tears in her eyes bellows the bovine cry. In the film she returns to the empty studio stage, proceeds to wreck it and by the time she gets to the "moo" we have nearly forgotten its motivation. Both humor and pathos have been vitiated.

Beryl Reid, an admirably resourceful comedienne of considerable dramatic power, plays her part exactly as she did in the play. This means that she is too vehement in relation to the camera close-ups; she seems to be overacting to the detriment of both comedy and drama. Susannah York as "George's" girl friend—the best drawn character in the play—makes a valiant stab at her part but is congenitally unable to convey mental incapacity or moral depravity. Carol Browne is at her best in the sexual encounter with the younger woman but she has been so directed as to deprive the role of the least hint of comedy—which was originally its chief attribute. For some reason, every face in the film looks as if it had been polished with glycerine. The music in the somber moments is not only trite but absurd.

The groundlings of every stripe will enjoy the sight of the *real* Gateways Club of London—a Lesbian dive in full swing.

SMALL AS A FIST

My dead problems
Already have their epitaphs:
Giant agonies—now pygmy dust.

My living problems
Small as a fist
Beat me
Beat me to death.

RYAH TUMARKIN GOODMAN

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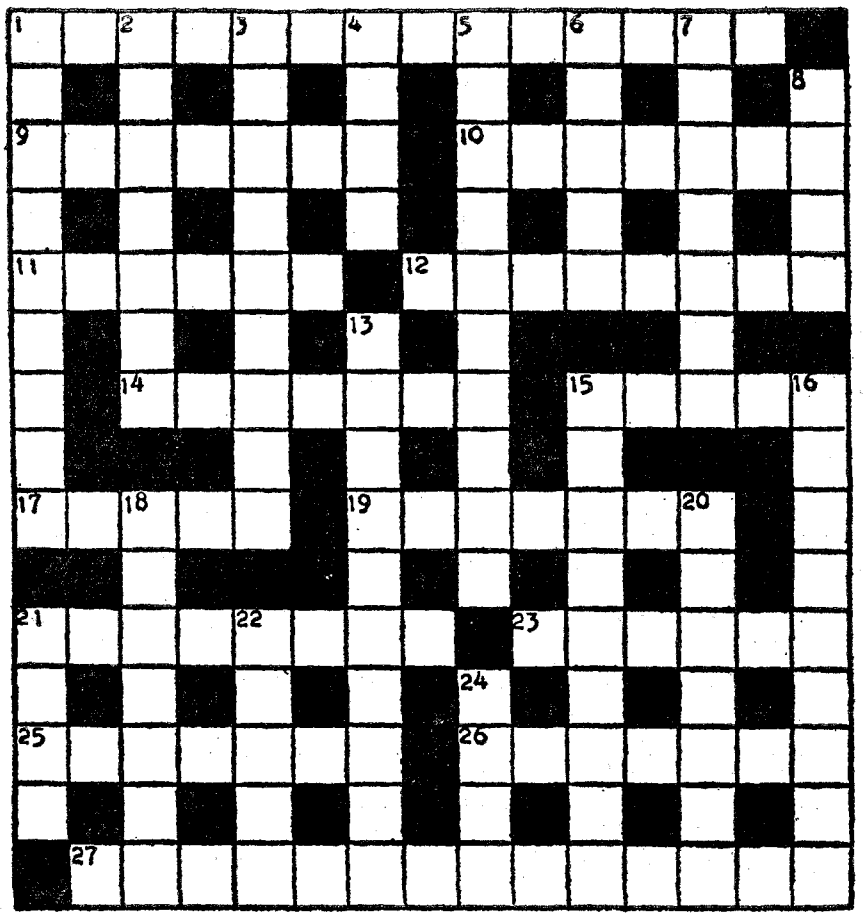
Crossword Puzzle No. 1279

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Forbid fraternization with those of a well-known profession? (3,11)
9 and 12 One who receives in the spirit of the novel. (7,2,3,3)
10 The walrus said we need a loaf of bread so! (7)
11 and 23 Certainly not a hip composition for four, for example. (6,6)
12 See 9 across
14 An impediment to speech, perhaps. (7)
15 Our revels now are in the Tempest. (5)
17 and 21 down Implying the future with one who is in debt, but isn't in deep so much. (9)
19 Rather close to quick, but non-living. (7)
21 Pass for what sounds like an obvious pain. (8)
23 See 11 across
25 It's lace, but the sort that stretches. (7)
26 Proceed to show how one is called back and ravaged. (7)
27 Sometimes criticized as a modern fault of letters? (14)

DOWN

1 Spots? They might be in back of the 9. (9)
2 With a photo finish, one might do it to soak the head, and get a pained expression afterwards. (7)
3 Turn the ship clear round! (9)
4 Monster of mixed blood? (4)
5 In a nice way, a certain amount of speed to burn (10)
6 Only half how Samson smote! (5)
7 Put forward. (7)
8 Force feed, by the sound of it, in a vulgar sense. (4)
13 What one does at the complaint counter might be part of the game. (5,5)
15 Urge as a charge for a second! (9)
16 They leave their side of the tree bursting out in dress design. (9)
18 A short way to violence, if one is mean! (7)
20 It sounds as though it should be somewhat wider than an L-bracket, as a good way to hold something. (7)
21 See 17 across
22 Object to the family, if representative. (5)
24 Military overhead of France? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1278

ACROSS: 1 Fly-by-night; 6 Etch; 10 Enlaced; 12 Costumes; 13 Alike; 15 Asset; 17 Imbroglio; 19 Displayed; 21 Sting; 23 Relic; 24 Thespian; 27 Absolve; 28 Italian; 29 Hoax; 30 Binghamton. DOWN: 1 and 11 Free as a bird; 2 Yellows; 3 Yacht; 4 Indemnity; 5 Heats; 7 Trivial; 8 Hodgepodge; 9 Catalogs; 14 Balderdash; 16 Toll call; 18 Badgering; 20 Silesia; 22 Imagist; 24 Trevi; 25 Plaza; 26 Anon.

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